

88 'Leaders' Time Magazine Rejected

75¢

MORE

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MARCIA GAINES
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Andrew Kopkind:
Corporate Watergate
Honky Sports Pages
J. Anthony Lukas:
My First Junket

THE NEW YORK TIMES TRANSCRIPTS

A.M. ROSENTHAL (managing editor): ...you jibe at me by calling the newspaper a "magazine" and I go home and get mean to my wife...

JOHN OAKES (editorial page editor): And I feel the same way when you use the word "shrill" regarding editorials.

* * *

OAKES: ...I feel just as strongly as you do that reporters should not become editorial writers. Indeed I would fire some of those bastards.

* * *

ARTHUR O. SULZBERGER (publisher): I've got some honest-to-Christ confusions in my mind.

OAKES: You've got, for the first time, some honest conversations, I'll tell you that.

(continued on page 8)

CONTENTS

The Unwritten Watergate Story

by Andrew Kopkind

While Watergate has brought notoriety to a score of public figures, other equally significant perpetrators have received little attention from the press. These are the money men, the corporation presidents, the denizens of the private sector where journalists rarely tread.

Page 5

'Behind the Front Page'

by David M. Rubin

The news and editorial departments fought bitterly for control of the Op-Ed page. The publisher is surrounded by yes-men. Decision making at *The New York Times* is, well, indecisive. These are among the observations in a new book about the paper's management problems, which also includes some revealing tape-recorded conversations among top *Times* executives.

Page 7

'I Got the Queen in the Morning and the Prince at Night'

by J. Anthony Lukas

The junket—that evil gimmick that would turn respectable journalists into flacks. As our story unfolds, we see how the author, hitherto unsullied by vice or corruption, is lured to an all-expenses paid, champagne-and-foie-gras cruise down the Rhine.

Page 10

The Chosen People

by Edwin Diamond

Page 14



The big boppers. The faces to watch out for. Thus did *Time* magazine present its list of the country's 200 rising young leaders. Here are the names of 88 finalists who ended up on the rejects list.

Racing the Hurricane

by Blake Fleetwood

How Selwyn Raab of *The New York Times* and Hal Levinson of WNEW-TV "broke"—not without some bickering—the story of the imprisonment on false testimony of boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter and John Artis.

Page 17

Hellbox

Page 3

The search for a White House press secretary. . . . Can American PR spruce up the image of the Chilean junta? . . . An end to nepotism at the Washington Star-News. . . . Rosebuds to Overdrive magazine.

The Big Apple

Page 24

The fine art of sporting verbs. . . . A wine column dies at the *New York Post* because it doesn't draw ads. . . . Dial-a-Joke isn't just a barrel of laughs. . . . Life is never dull at *The Village Voice*.

Furthermore

Back Page

by Martin Ralovsky

Professional sports are one place where a high proportion of the faces are black. So, asks the author, where are the black sports writers?

(MORE)

NOVEMBER 1974

Richard Pollak
Editor

William Woodward 3rd
Publisher

Claudia Cohen
Associate Editor

Daniel McNamee
Associate Publisher

J. Anthony Lukas
Senior Editor

David A. Lusterman
Circulation/Promotion

Brit Hume
Washington Editor

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Art Director

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LETTERS

Double Check

In the very interesting article, "Annals of Checking," by Judith Adler Hennessee in your August issue there is a serious omission. The *Reader's Digest* has a research staff of twenty "checkers" who examine every fact that goes into the magazine. This checking policy has been in effect for nearly 30 years, and we are proud of our reputation for accuracy. As head of the research department at the *Digest* and an "ex-checker" myself, I couldn't resist writing you in the hope that you would want to share this information with your readers.

—Gertrude Arundel
Reader's Digest
New York, N.Y.

Truth Falling Apart?

Your article "The Perils of Muckraking" by Professor David M. Rubin [Sept., 1974] has a cartoon above it showing Truth falling apart. I assume that this is supposed to reflect the quality of the article itself and, insofar as we are concerned, it certainly does!

In your article, you mention the fact that I "did not even give the Demaris book [*Captive City*] an outside libel reading." That's quite true. What you neglect to mention is the fact that when we bought the Demaris book we bought page proofs that had been set by Prentice-Hall and that, according to the Scott Meredith Agency, had been carefully checked by libel lawyers for a period of almost one full year.

You also say that Mr. Demaris estimates the book sold 60,000 copies. This would be a feat greater than any of those performed by another one of our authors, Joe Dunninger. We printed a total of 35,000 copies. The actual sale was under 30,000.

Mr. Demaris received a royalty statement (or should have if his agency forwarded the one we sent to them!) for every six month period until one year ago. At that time there

was no further income; no further sales; and the only thing outstanding were the libel actions.

In the only other two instances where we were involved in libel actions, we (naturally!) won and we did not charge anything against the author's royalties. However, this one was a little bit large for us to handle and we thought that in all fairness Demaris should share the damage.

I don't know when your piece was written, but the "non-communication" that you speak of certainly doesn't exist. Recently Demaris exchanged a couple of letters with us and then there were a couple of more letters. He now feels that the legal costs are excessive. We agree. However, he also feels that he would have selected his own lawyer and that our lawyers (one of the top legal firms in Chicago) overcharge and are undereffective. That may be, but we did win five out of the six and eventually will win the sixth one.

I've never lost a libel suit and, should you not be aware of this, my entire publishing "empire" was founded on monies collected by me in response to libel actions I brought against Walter Winchell; *Confidential*; ABC-TV; *Editor and Publisher*; and the late *Daily Mirror*.

—Lyle Stuart
Lyle Stuart, Inc.
Secaucus, N.J.

David M. Rubin replies: Only one factual matter seems to be in dispute: the number of copies *Captive City* sold. My figure of 60,000 is clearly labeled an estimate by Demaris, who said he did not have a full royalty accounting. Stuart supplies no documentation for his figure of 30,000. But if we take Stuart at his word, Demaris must have been due between \$15,000 and \$20,000 in royalties, at least. How much additional did Stuart receive from a book club sale, paperback sale and foreign rights? Demaris told me he earned \$11,000 from *Captive City*. All sources of income considered, Stuart clearly withheld a sizeable amount for attorney fees, which is the point of my article. Stuart boasted to me that he never pays for an outside libel reading, relying instead on his own expertise. If he were footing the legal bills that would be one thing, but he is using the author's money, too. I also find it foolhardy for Stuart to rely on a libel reading from Prentice-Hall attorneys when that house decided not to publish the book.

Working Man

I toss one very well-deserved laurel wreath in the direction of your October issue, as timely and interesting an issue as you have yet done. Especially noteworthy was Michael Novak's piece on why journalists are hot contenders for the as-yet unawarded title of social pariah of the decade ("Why The Working Man Hates The Media"). Journalists, even pseudojournalists such as myself, can almost never read through an opinion piece probing the very meaning of our profession without stumbling over one argument, one clause, one whatever that seems erroneous. However, Mr. Novak's essay contains no such faults. Congratulations again!

—Charles Impaglia
New York, N.Y.
(continued on page 20)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code).

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F. Office use, left-over spoiled after printing 800 800

G. Total (Sum of E & F should equal net press run shown in A) 17,131 18,909

HELLBOX

Say, Why Don't We Try . . .

Contrary to what many people in Washington believe, Ron Nessen was not the White House's last choice for press secretary. He wasn't the first choice, either, but in fact Nessen was one of the initial reporters contacted by White House aides as they scoured the Washington press corps for a replacement for Jerald F. terHorst.

The first choice of the White House was David Broder, the political writer for *The Washington Post*. Robert T. Hartmann, Ford's chief advisor and the one-time Washington bureau chief for *The Los Angeles Times*, was particularly eager to snare Broder. Five days after terHorst's departure, Broder was contacted by a White House recruiter. "It was a very routine kind of solicitation," Broder recalls. "I said no."

Numerous other reporters were sounded out by the recruiters, and most of them gave the same answer as Broder. Bonnie Angelo of *Time* magazine was among the White House's leading choices, but she declined. So did William Theis, Washington bureau chief for the Hearst chain. A recruiter contacted a Washington reporter for *The New York Times* to find if *Times* deputy national editor Robert Semple might agree to become press secretary. "Semple would never take the job," the reporter responded. Murray Seeger of *The Los Angeles Times*



Press secretary Nessen being introduced by boss.

was asked if he wanted his name "thrown in" with the others. He declined. White House chief of staff Alexander M. Haig, Jr., called Lloyd Shearer of *Parade* magazine, according to several sources, but the job was turned down by Shearer, too.

In the meantime Nessen, then covering the White House for NBC-TV, had been contacted by White House recruiter David Smythe, and had expressed interest in accepting the job "under certain conditions." Nessen's stiffest competition for the

job came from Jerry Friedheim, the former press spokesman for the Pentagon who gained notoriety for his "explanations" of U.S. bombing attacks in Southeast Asia. Friedheim was being pushed for the White House post by his old Defense Department boss and Ford intimate, Melvin Laird, who arranged a secret Friedheim-Ford meeting in the Oval Office on Sept. 14. Friedheim was willing to take the job, but it was never offered to him.

Nessen didn't get into the Oval Office until Sept. 18. He and Ford talked for an hour, and Nessen spelled out the "conditions" under

which he would take the job. The most important one was assurance that he would have access to what was going on at the White House. Nessen said that he didn't feel that a spokesman had to agree with each of his boss's policies. Finally, Ford asked if Nessen wanted a day or two to think about taking the job. Nessen said he didn't need any time at all and accepted the post on the spot.

—FRED BARNES

National Pastime

On a plane ride from Dallas to Kansas City the night of Sept. 26-27, manager Billy Martin of the Texas

The Junta That Refreshes

In August, the Chilean military government retained J. Walter Thompson, the advertising and public relations specialists, to polish up the junta's international image. From the outset, the arrangement was highly unpopular in JWT's Washington office, which was still smarting from the notoriety the firm had recently gained from producing Haldeman, Ziegler, and Chapin. Following news of CIA involvement in the downfall of the Allende government, the firm received threats of violence against some of its European offices. One month after signing the contract, the agency quietly terminated the arrangement.

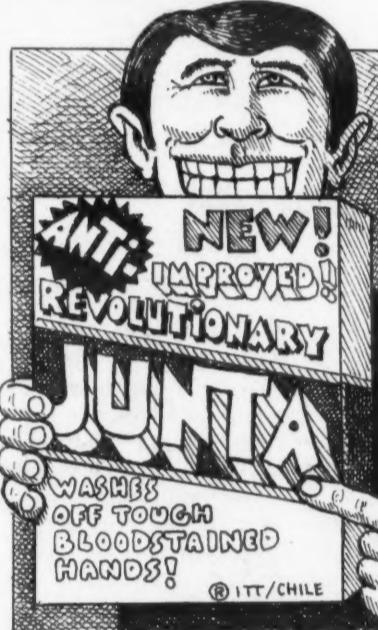
At a charge of \$8,000 a month for one year, JWT had planned to assemble a media campaign for the U.S. and abroad, and submit it for approval to the Chilean government. Kevin Corrigan, former correspondent for the Latin American magazine *Vision*, had been assigned to supervise the account. At the time the contract was canceled, the firm's research department had already begun an opinion survey to learn what, say, the American press thought about Chile.

The contract was signed in Santiago last August by Jack Raymond, president of Dialog, a new public communications division of JWT. Raymond, president of the Overseas Press Club, has refused to discuss the short-lived arrangement, but he called two editors at [MORE] to inquire about the status of this article.

Raymond was once involved in a similar situation with a foreign government. In December 1967, the Greek military junta hired Thomas J. Deegan Co., Inc., a New York-based PR firm that employed Raymond. Raymond worked actively on the account and became the firm's president later that winter. By April 1968, the firm had withdrawn from the contract because of criticism from the media and within the company.

By law, any firm acting as an agent for a foreign government in the United States must, within ten days after beginning its work, file a registration statement with the Attorney General containing specific information about the firm's activities. JWT, which represented its South American client for a month, says it intends to meet its legal obligations, but as of this writing the firm has filed no registration and technically is in violation of the law, subject to criminal prosecution.

—BEEKMAN WINTHROP



Rangers slapped the team's 60-year-old traveling secretary and publicity director, Burt Hawkins, who has a heart condition, during an argument over a proposed wives' auxiliary club. The public didn't learn about it for a week.

Hawkins asked the three reporters on the plane who either saw or knew about the incident to put a 24-hour hold on the story. The writers—James Walker of the *Dallas Times Herald*, Mike Shropshire of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, and Randy Galloway of the *Dallas News*—acceded. When Hawkins and Martin quickly made up, the unwritten stories were dropped altogether. It was not until Walker's bosses, sports editor Jim Woodruff and executive sports editor Blackie Sherrod, heard about the incident and ordered Walker to write about it that the news got out on Oct. 4. Sherrod and Woodruff decided to tell Hawkins of their plans, and when Hawkins passed the news to Shropshire and Galloway, all three Dallas-Fort Worth papers carried the news during the same 24-hour period.

"We all let our personal feelings for Burt get in the way," says Galloway. "I realize now that it was a mistake." Walker disagrees. "I respect Burt a lot," he says. "I know journalistically there was no way I could justify it, but I had made a personal decision. It was a question of what was journalistically right or what was morally right." For his part, Shropshire could always point out that his boss, Bob Lindley, had ordered him not to run the story. Lindley told [MORE]: "If it had been anybody but Burt Hawkins, we would have splashed it all over the paper. I've traveled with the Rangers and I'm a friend of Hawkins. Since the other papers agreed, I decided not to do it. . . . If the circumstances were the same, I would have done the same thing again. I didn't see where it was all that big a deal."

—JIM KAPLAN

Do-It-Yourself

Angels—long a mainstay of theatrical financing—may be coming to the publishing world. Morrow Wilson, whose new novel *M.I.M.* exposes what he calls "the evil institution of publishing," financed his publication by selling shares of his book to various friends and acquaintances. The investors include a professor from Berkeley, a media accountant from New York, an educator from Princeton, a broadcasting advertiser, and a county committeewoman from Maryland.

Some of the investors own part of a share and others have bought one

HELLBOX

or more. The total money acquired from investors—around \$10,000—was used to cover initial advertising and production costs. The backers will in turn receive a one-figure percentage proportionate to the amount of their investment, according to Wilson's assistant, Suzanne Fremon.

—PHYLLIS SHEERR

Rosy Future?

The take-over of the *Washington Star-News* by Texas multimillionaire Joe L. Allbritton will mean a major housecleaning at the top of the deficit-ridden newspaper. Allbritton, a Houston banker, is in the process of buying almost 40 per cent of the paper's stock in a \$25 million deal that makes him chairman and chief executive of Washington Star Communications, the parent company which owns the newspaper and broadcast stations in Washington and two other cities. For the moment, no other personnel changes have been announced. But Newbold Noyes, the present editor, says he has volunteered to step down and expects he ultimately will. Noyes is a member of one of three families which have controlled the newspaper for more than a century. Family



Washington Star News

Allbritton: housecleaning due.

members have long held some senior positions with the paper. But even as losses mounted in recent years, the *Star-News* executive suites have continued to house a particular abundance of kinfolk. One of them, Rudolff Kaufmann, has been collecting about \$35,000 a year although his duties consist almost entirely of handling the letters to the editor. Noyes says he expects the nepotism to be curtailed in what he calls "a gradual movement of some of us out of the picture." A source close to Allbritton says initial changes will occur on the business side of the paper, which has been losing at least \$5 million a year. The source also indicates that Allbritton will eventually act to remedy what he considers a "dead editorial set-up."

Allbritton's intentions should have come as no surprise to Noyes. Last summer, Noyes killed a story about Allbritton written by staffer Fred Barnes, who had been sent to Texas to interview the prospective owner. The story reportedly contained some blunt criticisms from the Texan about the way the newspaper has been managed.

In the weeks immediately before the deal was closed, a hitch developed over the present management's failure to consult Allbritton about the terms of the new labor contract. Allbritton charged this was an "abrogation" of his agreement and it appeared for a time the entire transaction might fall through. Mary McGrory, the paper's star columnist, sent Allbritton a telegram. "Say it ain't so, Joe," it read. The next day, Allbritton, ever the Texan, sent McGrory 36 yellow roses together with a wire that read, "It ain't so, Joe."

—BRIT HUME

Slice of Life

Pittsburgh's former Cardinal Wright, visiting from Rome, told the Beaver, Pa., press he was tired of the same old questions on abortion and divorce. Ask me something else, he said. The hard-nosed reporters complied. Emerging from the session were the cardinal's thoughts on his favorite Roman tavern, his Pittsburgh Pirates office ashtrays, and his retention of a Boston brogue. This was front-page stuff in the Sept. 7 Beaver County *News-Tribune*. The article went on to describe the prelate as

The man who at varied times is called "the most Roman of the Roman cardinals," "a 20th century John Newman," "a man who can walk with crowned heads without losing his touch for the common man"....

It was all too much for *News-Tribune* printer Joseph Spielvogel, who inserted the word "baloney" after the above passage. A proofreader marked the word, but the correction was never made.

In a Sept. 9 apology "to any and all, of whatever faith, or conviction, who were offended..." the *News-Tribune* accepted "only the responsibility, not the blame," which was handed to Spielvogel. The notice did not say, however, that the printer was suspended without pay for either one week (according to Spielvogel) or two (according to editor Thomas Blount). Spielvogel is now back in the composing room, and Cardinal Wright is presumably back in Rome, where he says the manhattans at the Rainbow Tavern "come with true cherries."

—C.C.

Keep on Truckin'

ROSEBUDS to *Overdrive* magazine, a 60,000-circulation publication for truckers, for its determined unraveling of the complex schemes by which the underworld continues to tap the Teamsters Union pension fund. Since June 1972, the Los Angeles-based monthly magazine has published 16 articles on the union's Central States Pension Fund, an institution which has been the focal point of scandal in the Teamsters for more than a decade. Much of the credit goes to Jim Drinkhall, a 34-year-old investigative reporter who has been given the freedom and expense money necessary to stay on the story full time. "I have never investigated a pension fund loan and found a straight business transaction," says Drinkhall.

Among the not-so-straight transactions he has uncovered:

- The loan of \$1.4 million to a virtually moribund plastics manufacturing company in New Mexico. The *Overdrive* reports on this loan helped spark a federal investigation, which has led to the indictment of seven men on charges of defrauding the fund. The indictments charged that much of the money was diverted to such other purposes as the purchase of wiretapping equipment for a man considered the Chicago syndicate's electronics expert, and for the purchase of a home for the same man while he was ostensibly managing the plant in New Mexico. Two of those indicted are members of the fund's board of trustees. The others include an assortment of unsavory figures with well-known gangster connections.

- The approval of \$90,000,000 in loans to a 32-year-old Las Vegas casino operator who has only four years of experience in the business world and, according to *Overdrive*, is an associate of various organized crime figures. *Overdrive* reports that its investigation of these transactions has produced evidence that the recipient of the money may be a front man "to conceal the hidden interests in two Las Vegas casinos" held by the mob.

The person responsible for Drinkhall's freedom is Michael Parkhurst, editor and owner of *Overdrive*, who has made his publication—and himself—a voice for independent truckers since it was founded in 1961. Articles in the ad-rich magazine mostly convey professional information—on the antifreeze shortage, on bills affecting interstate commerce, or on an anti-truck campaign by political conservatives. Regular play is given to "Dump Truck/Tractor/Wrecker of the Month." But the trucker gets more than just a color spread on the new Kenworth VIT cab; he gets bikini-clad Cheryl La Raine adorning the truck in a rather incongruous pairing. Cheesecake and truck also frequent the magazine's cover. *Overdrive* would continue to prosper without its investigative reporting.

"It doesn't bring back dollar income," Parkhurst says of the series on the fund. "But if we don't do it, who will? It's just a thing you have to do. If you know that there's a cancer, even if you can't cure it, maybe you can chip away at the edges of it a little. If you don't, then you're not doing all that you can." So far, the reports have brought no physical retaliation from the Teamsters Union, but Parkhurst, a former Teamster and key organizer of the truck shutdown during last spring's fuel shortage, is evidently taking no chances. The main doorway to *Overdrive*'s office in Hollywood is protected by a large automated iron gate, and visitors are admitted only by appointment. The doors will probably stay locked for some time. Asked how long he is willing to foot the bill for the pension fund reports, Parkhurst says, "As long as there's a dirty floor, we've got the mop."



WHO ARE THESE MEN?



The Unwritten Watergate Story

BY ANDREW KOPKIND

Orin E. Atkins is not a household word. Neither is Claude C. Wild, Jr., William W. Keeler or H. Everett Olson. They are all convicted and sentenced Watergate characters. But they remain shadowy figures beside the stars who make the headlines and the evening news. Atkins, Wild and the rest are among the corporate corrupters of the political and bureaucratic corruptees, the quiet donors of the dirty money whose recipients make more media noise. At least a score of business executives have run through the Watergate mill so far. But despite their crucial role in the system of scandal, they remain unknown and virtually ignored by a press that is attracted only by political stars.

What happens in Business is nobody's business. The impenetrability of the "private sector" is a canon of the American Creed as it is a custom of reportage. Any comparison of the press treatment of executives and politicians in Watergate and attendant operations shows just how little attention is paid to the mechanisms of corporate life. Businessmen may not actually get away with murder—but the charge is usually reduced.

While the minutest detail of the hierarchy of the Committee to Reelect the President was investigated and exposed, the inner sancta of Ashland Oil (Orin E. Atkins, chairman), Phillips Petroleum (William W. Keeler, chairman), Gulf Oil (Claude C. Wild, Jr., former vice-president), and the Carnation Company (H. Everett Olson, chairman) were unentered. No one systematically covered the Associated Milk Producers, Inc., the way every news bureau in Washington dogged the politicians who were the beneficiaries of the dairy cooperative's largesse. In Watergate Washington, it was much better, and safer, to give than to receive.

Respect for the distinction between the public and private sectors of society distorts the meaning and importance of both. It leads to an overconcern for the ineffables of politics, and an undervaluation of the cash nexus beneath the campaigns, the alliances, the charisma. It is uncontested wisdom that John Kennedy won the presidency in 1960 because of his youth, charm, ethnicity, promises of change, television performance, political acumen, clever aides and pretty

"The impenetrability of the 'private sector' is a canon of the American Creed as it is a custom of reportage," says the author, who goes on to show how the media pant after the public stars of Watergate while virtually ignoring the corporate villains.

wife. What has been forgotten (although it is enormously important now) is that Kennedy and Nixon fought the 1960 campaign in the nation's corporate boardrooms on the basis of business expansionism and the rate of industrial growth. In the master games of politics, you can hardly tell the players—let alone predict the result—without a scorecard of the corporate interests behind the campaigns.

The interpretation of the Watergate episode as a purely *political* event, and primarily a feature of the public sector, distorted and diminished its historical significance. The press zoomed in on the breakings-in, the launderings, the coverings-up. But for the most part it failed to focus on the financial foundations that implicated an entire political and economic system rather than a dockful of crooks. Millions of dollars were spent on Nixon's campaign by corporations and wealthy individuals. Aside from specific small favors (an ambassadorship, a favorable ruling in a pending anti-trust case), the donors believed they were getting value for money, clean or dirty. Although only a dozen or so firms were actually hauled into court, hundreds of others underwrote the same dirty tricks in cleaner ways. But what, for example, did Texas Instruments get for its \$119,949; or Lehman Brothers for its \$86,289; or Anheuser-Busch for its \$56,353; or Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing for its \$142,171?

A check through the files of a few newspapers, including *The New York Times*, turned up no references to those donations—other than the fact of their presence on the donor list

compiled by Rose Mary Woods, and known as "Rose Mary's Baby." One or two contributing corporations received minor mention as subjects of investigation or suit: Amerada Hess, which gave Nixon \$250,000 in one way or another, was "facing an Interior Department investigation of its refinery operations in the Virgin Islands, [which] was ended without action against the company soon after the secret contribution was made . . ." It would seem that the end of that investigation by the government would be the starting point for a journalistic investigation of Amerada Hess. So far, none has been made.

The obscure Messrs. Atkins, Wild, Keeler and Olson, along with chairpeople and operating executives of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Goodyear, Braniff, Diamond International, Northrop, and various milk cooperatives, have been convicted and sentenced—to small fines and no jail terms, while the politicians and apparatchiks of the Reelection Committee get sent off to the slam. The accused corporations were also "convicted" and fined, usually token amounts of \$5,000 or less. Although lawyers expected felony indictments for conspiracy and violation of campaign contribution laws, their corporate clients all (with one exception) were specially treated to mere misdemeanor counts.

The lone felon among the corporate conspirators was George M. Steinbrenner, chairman of American Shipbuilding (and part-owner of the New York Yankees), whose scheme of donation to CREEP was so byzantine, and his cover-up so devious, that a simple misdemeanor charge would have been preposterous. Steinbrenner authorized false bonus checks for "loyal" employees, who then funneled the money into illegal campaign funds. For his sins—five counts of willful violation of the campaign contribution law, two counts of aiding and abetting an individual to make a false statement to agents of the FBI, four counts of obstruction of justice and two counts of obstruction of a criminal investigation—Steinbrenner received a \$15,000 fine. His Yankees make as much on popcorn during the seventh inning of a home game.

The American Shipbuilding Co. was also indicted, but there was even less reporting done on the corporation than on its board chairman, whose fame comes from the Yankees connection more than from his corporate position in the ship construction industry. Steinbrenner and his associates indicated at various points in the proceedings that they were pressured into making

Andrew Kopkind, who cofounded and coedited Hard Times with James Ridgeway in the 1960s, is now a freelance writer living in Boston.



Harry Heltzer, 3M board chairman, pleaded guilty to illegal campaign contribution: \$500 fine.



George M. Steinbrenner, American Shipbuilding board chairman, found guilty of illegal campaign contribution and other charges: \$15,000 fine.



William W. Keefer, Phillips Petroleum board chairman, pleaded guilty to illegal campaign contribution: \$1,000 fine.



Russell DeYoung, Goodyear board chairman, pleaded guilty to illegal campaign contribution: \$1,000 fine.



Orin E. Atkins, Ashland Oil board chairman, pleaded nolo contendere to charge of illegal campaign contribution: \$1,000 fine.

illegal contributions by CREEP Finance Chairman Maurice Stans, who suggested dire consequences if major corporations did not pay Nixon their dues. Absent from the Senate Watergate Committee investigation of American Shipbuilding, as it was missing from press accounts of the Steinbrenner case, was any good idea of what the corporation is doing to need special treatment, or to fear reprisals. What seems likely (without any reportorial evidence) is that issues of national maritime policy are at stake, that Steinbrenner's gifts constituted a kind of insurance for his business—so that American Shipbuilding could continue to participate in the formulation of maritime policy according to its own needs and interests.

Decisions made in the great corporate offices of the country are certainly as significant for public policy as those made in many governmental agencies or legislative councils. What happens in the Blue Cross boardrooms affects health policy as much as what happens in HEW offices or Senate Welfare Committee rooms. For another example: what went on in David Rockefeller's bank had as much to do with the quality of life for the people of New York as what went on in Nelson Rockefeller's capitol office. And yet the bank chairmanship is given only a fraction of the scrutiny afforded the state governorship: compare news and editorial space given the two Rockefeller brothers in New York State over the past 16 years. In maritime affairs, what little attention is given, goes to the regulatory agencies, Congress and the President—with sidelong glances at unions and corporations in time of strike or crisis. But the forward-planning decisions taken in the offices of American Shipbuilding, for instance, will determine the course of public policy over the years. Which is why Steinbrenner needed his presidential insurance.

Some 450 oil and natural gas company executives gave upwards of \$6 million to the Nixon fund. The gifts began flowing as the oil began slowing, and by the time of the 1972 campaign, the energy industry was preparing for its "crisis." Import quotas, pricing policies and governmental regulation were on the minds of the donors and on the agendas of their board meetings. Exactly what they got, or thought they were getting, from the Nixon Administration may be unclear; but by reasoning backward from the events that followed, some real benefits may be deduced. The paltry millions proved to be valuable insurance for the demands of the energy-crisis years.

"It would shake investor faith in American capitalism if it turned out that so many of our biggest corporations indulgently gave away all that *quid* without some *quo*," I. F. Stone wrote at the time the contributors' lists were publicized. Since then, faith has been shaken, but not because EXXON and Gulf protected their investments.

What they saw was what they got: an Administration that would let oil profits soar and fashion a foreign policy around their companies' interests.

If Watergate is in its way a metaphor for the American political economy, then the nature and extent of the *quo* are critical factors in understanding its significance. For the most part, the press concentrated on the *quid*. The simple tallies of contributions have to speak for themselves. At the end, of course, the jumble of unanalyzed figures obscured the particularity of each case. Newspapers printed them in four-point type as if to underscore their unimportance. Everybody who was anybody in American business in 1971 and 1972 opened his pocketbook to Nixon, and the universality of corruption made it almost respectable. We would have been surprised *not* to see a major oil company or manufacturer on the lists. If corruption prospers, who dares call it corruption?

The curious acquiescence of press and public in the secrecy of the private sector reaches beyond the scandals of the day. There is little taste for exploring the depths of corporate influence in public policy. Perhaps it is considered too radical an approach, even in this season of power structure analysis and Naderite corporate attacks. It is hard for the American ideology to conceive of private enterprise as a public institution.

The stream of traffic between government and big business has been a prominent feature of the political topography for many years, but most public officials seem to believe that when they leave government for industry they also abandon their roles as policymakers. When a high bureaucrat like Burke Marshall, the former assistant attorney general and confidant of Kennedys, exits the Justice Department and enters the general counselship of IBM, is his public position diminished? Marshall was a favorite interviewee of reporters in Washington when he was there; but they stopped hanging around when he went to IBM—except insofar as he could comment on Kennedyana or contribute bits of nostalgia to a color piece about the way it was. Still, in his new seat of power Marshall was critically concerned with policies that would affect technology, finance and foreign relations. What IBM does in America and the world is hardly less important than what the Justice Department does. But in the private sector Marshall—and the hundreds of other government officials of his generation who became corporate policymakers after politics waned—was considered accountable to the world outside his company only at his pleasure. Because he was beyond accountability, he was also beyond the

interest of the press.

The implications of unaccountability are still unseen in the public eye. When Gerald Ford ascended to the presidency, *The New York Times'* Michael Jensen gathered the names of the new President's friends in the corridors and lobbies of power: the new and future Abplanalps, Bobsts and Rebozos. Only a few were well known outside the circles they orbited: Proctor and Gamble's Bryce Harlow, for one of those few, had been a perennial adviser to Republican presidents. But the others were little known or downright obscure.

Just as Rebozo remained unworried by publicity until the last possible moment in the investigations of Nixon, so Ford's friends are likely to remain stick figures until something "scandalous" breaks. There have been no follow-ups to Jensen's article, as far as I have noticed, in the *Times* or elsewhere. Three of the men Jensen listed have no files at all at the *Times*: Kimberley C. Hallamore of Lear Siegler, John F. Mills of the Tobacco Institute, and Stark Ritchie, chief general counsel of the American Petroleum Institute. One of the "old friends" Jensen listed without elaboration as "John Shaheen, a New York oilman," turns out to be a former law client of Nixon's, a major contributor to the reelection committee on the Woods list, and the recipient of Nixon Administration approval to build a vast oil refinery in Newfoundland. (Shaheen is also publisher of *The New York Press*, a conservative daily newspaper whose debut has repeatedly been delayed.)

Another of Ford's cronies, according to Jensen, is Max Fisher, identified simply as a "Detroit industrialist." Fisher, like Shaheen, was in the inner circles of Nixon contribution camaraderie. He appears in a White House memorandum drafted by Gordon Strachan, reporting on a fund-raising discussion with Herbert Kalmbach and H. R. Haldeman. Strachan speaks: ". . . Fisher may be in for 250, but you weren't sure we could 'pay his price.'" The *Times'* R. W. Apple noted that Fisher was believed to be the same Max M. Fisher who had already given \$125,000 to Nixon. Fisher was balking at giving more, or had reduced his contribution from \$250,000; it was not known which was the case at the time of the Strachan memo, nor what Fisher's "price" for more money would be.

"Mr. Fisher did not return telephone calls seeking clarification this afternoon," Apple reported. End of story, and end—for the time being—of the Fisher episode. There has been no further evidence of interest in Fisher, his anonymous "industry" in Detroit, or his White House connections since Nixon resigned.

Away from the whiff of scandal, the press's
(continued on page 26)

'Behind The Front Page'

BY DAVID M. RUBIN

For three years, Chris Argyris roamed throughout *The New York Times* with a tape recorder. He was free to sit in on meetings of his choice and to interview any of the top 40 executives at the paper—as well as reporters, editors and deskmen. The product of this unique research opportunity is a book: *Behind The Front Page* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 1974). It is not a sequel to Gay Talese's *The Kingdom And The Power*, although it might have been—and then some. But for a variety of reasons, Argyris has vitiated his own material by cloaking the name of the paper and blurring the identities of his interviewees. In doing so, he has robbed the book both of cogency and impact. With a few names restored, however, his work becomes what it could have been: a laser beam on the considerable management problems at the *Times*.

Argyris is not a journalist. He is an expert in organizational behavior who, at 50, holds an endowed chair at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. He understands why some organizations can make decisions and monitor the results and why others can't. He has seen healthy living systems and sick ones, and he can prescribe cures for the sick ones. In a 23-year career, he has improved the corporate environments at IBM, Polaroid, GE, the State and Defense Departments, and the National Institutes of Health, among others. He is not a fast-buck pied piper leading executives to mountaintop retreats. Because he is not, he was presented with what became the most difficult challenge (and most significant failure) of his career.

Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger asked Argyris to deliver some lectures on management skills to *Times* executives in 1969. Argyris declined because he feels lectures are "not very helpful." But he offered a counterproposal: a two-stage management study that could lead to an executive development program for both business and news executives of the paper. He had never worked with a news medium before, nor was he aware of any published results from consultants who had. His interest in the *Times* was stimulated when friends, familiar with the paper, predicted that, "to put it mildly, [the *Times*] would consider your views to be nonsense." Another added that neither Argyris nor anyone else "would ever change" the *Times*.

Sulzberger and a group of senior executives agreed to the first stage of the study, permitting Argyris to attend meetings of his choice and to interview whenever and whomever necessary. He was also permitted to tape-record meetings, including a 3½-day seminar/retreat for the paper's top executives. He visited the paper for at least one day a week for more than a year, beginning in 1969. The second stage was to consist of a series of seminars and follow-up sessions in which Argyris would attempt to improve management skills, so the problems could be more readily identified and solved. He hoped to widen the flow of valid information to Sulzberger and reduce the tensions in the "living system" at the *Times*. The ultimate goal was increased profits through a more efficient operation, so that the paper's high news quality could be sustained.

In 1972, midway through the second phase, Argyris bowed out. He recognized that the *Times* executives were not really committed to

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In a little-known book that is not likely to be reviewed by *The New York Times*, a Harvard professor flunks the paper's management after a three-year study of how its executives behave—and misbehave.

organizational change or "self-renewal." Indeed, they were fatalistic about it. And they were suspicious of openness and candor as management tools in the news business. The prevailing philosophy at the paper was summed up for him by one executive this way: "You know you've become a full member of this organization when you genuinely believe that few changes are possible and that it is necessary to hold such a belief to remain sane."

In addition to receiving his normal consulting fee, Argyris was given, at the start, written permission to publish a book or article based on his experience. Executives at the *Times* had the right to read the manuscript before publication, but they did not have veto power. A look at Argyris' previous work shows that he generally does not identify the organization he is discussing or any of the executives in it. But he does retain specific job titles and department names (such as news or editorial) so the reader can follow the flow of information throughout the company.

But such anonymity was not enough for some of the half-dozen executives to whom Argyris showed the manuscript. One suggested that he delay publication for five years. Others wanted titles and departments further disguised, which Argyris largely refused to do, as it would have made the book incomprehensible. From his tapes of meetings and seminars Argyris had culled many conversations which appear verbatim in the book. Executives requested that some of the more embarrassing or revealing be removed, including one particularly sharp exchange between managing editor A.M. Rosenthal and editorial page chief John B. Oakes, in which the two criticize each other's performance. Many conversations were removed, including that one. Oakes also requested that his identifying code letter be switched midway through the book to further confuse the reader, and that was done. The title of managing editor does not appear in the book. The executive is, instead, referred to as the head of the news department. In all, Argyris was presented with some 70 pages of suggested changes and deletions. He made many of them because he did not want to "harm" the paper and because he was (and is) genuinely fond of the *Times* people. (He continued to protect their anonymity in discussions about his research.)

"I never before felt such personal pressure on me not to publish the results of a study," he says. "I had never been requested to make so many changes to cloak identities." The result is a book about *The Daily Planet*, a newspaper run by a jumble of Mr. T's and Mr. P's. But if the reader knows the *Planet* is the *Times*, it is not difficult to

substitute Sulzberger for Mr. P; Rosenthal for Mr. R; and Oakes for Mr. Q and T.

Times executives were not just concerned that outsiders would identify the paper and its personalities. A greater worry was that their own employees would read the book and gain an insight into closely-held feelings and the corporate pecking order. Some of the executives did not like the image of themselves revealed in the transcripts, either because it did not square with their own self-image, or because it was not the one they wished to project to subordinates. Such concern for "face" and the inability to communicate openly are at the heart of the paper's many managerial problems.

When Sulzberger first took over the paper in 1963, he was more comfortable with news and editorial matters than with business decisions. This clearly has changed. Even before Argyris arrived on the scene, Sulzberger had begun bringing the business side of the paper into the 20th century, instituting long-range financial planning, a diversification strategy and modern budgeting methods. Argyris demonstrates that the renewal did not include news and editorial executives, with whom Sulzberger is uncomfortable, and that it is now the news and editorial problems which the paper cannot easily solve. To make matters worse, the news executives have felt that the paper's problems lay entirely on the business side. Sulzberger knew that this was not true, and he feared correctly that he would be unable to persuade the news executives to take part in Argyris' program.

The paper's problems can be understood best in microcosm in the decision to start the much-applauded Op-ed Page. Debate over the page dragged on for four years, although when Argyris was able to prompt honest discussion among Sulzberger and six of his executives, the sticky problems of content and control were successfully resolved in 30 minutes. The four years had been consumed in backbiting and power plays, as individual executives were willing to discuss their views only with Sulzberger, and not with rivals. Argyris found that *Timesmen* normally held their tongues at open meetings. The herd instinct prevailed. Open confrontation was feared and avoided. Every difference of opinion would be turned into a win-lose situation. Some executives even feared criticizing news stories appearing in the paper after other executives applauded them. The notion of performing as an effective management team was unknown. The executives who had come up through the news side had few management skills and recoiled at becoming "managers." As a matter of course, criticism was magnified and personalized. At other organizations Argyris had found executives who balked at his lead, but when they were shown how decision making could be made more effective, they responded enthusiastically. Not at the *Times*. The news people were more inclined to say, "What the hell, we don't want to be more effective in making decisions, anyway."

So conservative were they in open meetings with the publisher that at one point the news executives were ready to accept a compromise Op-ed Page, different and less impressive than the present one, rather than voice their true feelings. Ironically, it was an executive from the business side who said that the compromise was below *Times* standards. It is evident, says Argyris, that "any organization that has taken four years to deal with a problem that can be solved after 30 minutes of discussion is in trouble." In all, he found the

[MORE] 7

[FROM] 8

Times "one of the most calculating living systems" he had ever been in.

Many other news and editorial problems remain unsolved because of managerial paralysis. One is advocacy journalism. Both Rosenthal and Oakes have been concerned about a leftward drift in the paper (see transcripts below), and news executives have been privately critical of news stories in which they felt the views of the reporter had overwhelmed the facts. But they have been afraid to confront reporters and bring the issues out into the open. When Argyris was asked to study

advocacy he was forbidden—the only time in his experience that a client stopped him from examining a management problem. He was told that the question of advocacy had been resolved, and that his studying it might stir up old passions and make the situation worse.

Other areas for management's concern, Argyris says, are "the politicization of the newspaper; the development of a fixed or predictable position by a columnist; the development of such qualities as shrillness and stridency in editorials; and the unrecognized mixing of description and interpretive comment in the news."

"All of these problems," he says, "were recognized by the [Times] editors. All of the problems were discussed by the appropriate editors. These discussions produced formal memos and informal attempts to influence the 'guilty' parties. Yet I interviewed no editor, at any level, who felt these problems were being solved."

The raw material to produce better managers is there. Argyris found *Times* executives more intelligent and sensitive than men at similar levels in other corporations. But journalists are heavily weighted with cynicism and suspicion. Late in the study, for example, Rosenthal had become somewhat of a convert to Argyris' methods and

'This newspaper should not be politically discernible'

In his three-year effort to reverse the "organizational dry rot" at The New York Times (page 7), Harvard's Chris Argyris was permitted to observe and tape-record "any naturally occurring meeting between two or more people." He also interviewed the top 40 news, editorial page and business personnel, along with many reporters and deskmen. He led (and taped) a three and one-half day seminar/retreat near Atlantic City, N.J., for the entire top management of the paper, including the executive committee. And he participated in numerous follow-up sessions. To preserve the anonymity of the paper, specifics are few and participants are referred to by a code letter. But Argyris has scattered enough clues to permit a few identities to surface. In the first passage below, president Arthur Ochs Sulzberger and editorial page editor John B. Oakes debate the proper role of the publisher in setting editorial policy. Oakes suggests that the paper should not hesitate to endorse a city tax which is in the public interest, even if the profits of the paper will suffer. Sulzberger is not so sure.

Sulzberger: I should do about any goddamn thing to stop [the tax]. That's the difference between you and me.

Oakes: But, what is more important than any tax or bill is the reputation of the paper. There is no year in which you can afford to sacrifice the reputation of the paper. There are no sabbaticals on integrity.

Sulzberger: I understand you, but we have to keep this corporation going, and so we have to perform some very dangerous balancing acts.

* * *

Oakes: We're helping our city by being critical of all the things that are wrong with it. I think that the best way to help the city is to be critical. Of course, this is different from the typical booster view.

Sulzberger: Are you anti-big business?

Oakes: No, I'm not.

Sulzberger: The editorial page could give some people the idea that we're anti-big business.

Oakes: That's because businessmen don't like some of the criticisms that we made. I would say that we're as critical of big labor as we are of big business.

* * *

Oakes: The paper for years had a reputation of being a great paper except for its editorial page. I think maybe what I consider to be vigorous and definitive is what you would call angry, and what [managing editor A.M. Rosenthal] considers shrill, which is a word I don't appreciate but use because he did so.

Argyris: (to Sulzberger) Do you believe there is shrillness and stridency in the editorials?

Sulzberger: Yes, sometimes, and that concerns me.

Oakes: I don't think they're shrill at all.



Times executives take a break for lunch during management retreat.

Culver Pictures

Sulzberger: I think they are, on occasion, and my associates feel it more than I do.

Oakes: I really reject totally the criticism that we run a shrill editorial page. I really do not believe this is justified. I would say that occasionally a phrase gets by that gives some basis for that remark, but it is rare.

* * *

Sulzberger: This [the tax] is the most difficult one for me. I don't see how I can stand up and say one thing and then have the paper come out in another direction. . . . I am in agreement with the point of view that the paper should be concerned with straightening out the world. But when it comes into direct conflict with something that is entirely practical to the business, then I lose the call a hell of a lot faster than you do.

Oakes: And that is the point that concerns me.

Sulzberger: That is what may lead me to write some of those strident messages. It's very strange for me to divorce myself—separate myself—from the organization. It may not be strange for you, but it is for me.

One pivotal managerial problem Argyris uncovered was the unwillingness of Oakes and Rosenthal to communicate and cooperate. Each criticizes the other's judgment, and they clash over control of the Op-ed Page (here called the "new feature"). Finally, they find ground for agreement on the leftward drift of the paper and advocacy journalism.

Rosenthal: I have a feeling that you think that there's more criticism about your area than there really is. The thought just struck me. When I hear criticism about myself or the department even though it may be low-key, it sounds like it's on a loudspeaker, it sounds profoundly important. For example, you jibe at me by calling the newspaper a "magazine" and I go home and get mean to my wife. We have strong reactions, I mean it. You say one word and I spend a whole weekend brooding about it, trying to get it off my mind. After the weekend is over, I realize that it was childish.

Oakes: And I feel the same way when you use the word "shrill" regarding editorials.

* * *

Rosenthal: You believe that I'm steering the news the wrong way. I'm just as sensitive to this as you may be sensitive to criticism of editorials . . . You think we're making the paper too much like a magazine, that we're not giving enough attention to what happened yesterday, etc.

Oakes: Yes, I think that you've put your finger on it—since you've raised it. You're damn right I believe that too much attention is being paid to sociological developments and trends. I feel there is too great a degree of subjective interpretation.

Rosenthal: You think we're making the paper into a magazine.

Oakes: That word magazine really bothers you.

suggested to his assembled subordinates that they repair to a resort for a few days of discussion. This was rejected, in part because the newsmen thought Rosenthal was being pressured by Sulzberger to do it, and that he really did not want them to participate. But no one put that question of outside pressure to Rosenthal. They assumed the worst. Others felt there was no hope for change anyway, so why excite their ulcers with a weekend of confrontation?

It is possible that newspeople do not have the proper temperament for management. They are, after all, essentially observers and commentators, not doers. "Reporters," says Argyris,

"have a predisposition to find the emperor without any clothes, but they have a terrible fear of taking action themselves." The broadcast industry seems to have noticed this a long time ago. Its executives are routinely tapped from the pool of sales talent. Occasionally a news person will be appointed news director, but rarely will one move up to station manager, or higher. Hard as it may be to swallow, it is possible that sales people *must* run the media.

This is intertwined with an attitude Argyris noticed at the *Times*, which may also be a part of most journalists' psychic baggage. Executives at an IBM or a GE all recognize that the company exists first to make money. "At the *Times*," says Argyris,

"I listened to newspaper executives say that it is not the function of a newspaper to be financially viable." News media are somehow different, or exempt. Profits are dirty and unfit for contemplation in a newsroom. Many journalists are wedded to the notion that advertisers control the media and are convinced that editorial policy is set to appease land developers or some similarly greedy group. Their attitude is traceable to this basic distaste for profit as a goal.

The *Times* is itself guilty of permitting the outright rejection of the profit motive to thrive in its newsroom. As Gay Talese described so well in

(continued on page 23)

Rosenthal: Yes, it does. In fact, you have a whole vocabulary that (laughs). I'm just teasing.

* * *

Rosenthal: Let me say that it was Oakes' remark that a lot of people were angry at our paper because the part I'm responsible for is run in an unbalanced and distorted way that led me to make my comment.

Sulzberger: How will we ever talk about an innovation [the op-ed page] without getting these issues out in the open?

* * *

Sulzberger: (to Argyris) I hear that you listened to the tape. Did you hear Rosenthal's comments to Oakes? Were they destructive?

Argyris: I did listen to the tapes and have them marked. No, I felt Rosenthal's comments were not destructive; they were less aggressive than Oakes to Rosenthal.

Oakes: Well, it was a criticism of the way my department was run. The criticism was not about me as an individual. I'm not important. I'm not objecting to the criticism; I just want to reply. I felt it was personal in the sense that it was an attack against the management of my part of the paper. I don't think it should have been said.

Sulzberger: Was it any more personal than your comment to Rosenthal that there is too little balance in his department?

Rosenthal: Or, as you said, distorting the news.

Oakes: I felt he got personal. I do not mean in the sense of whether we like ourselves. It was a direct attack on the way my department was run.

* * *

An Executive: All right now, let's face up to the tough issues. We've been hung on three issues: a) Who runs it [the op-ed page]? b) Will the material impinge on [another executive's] job? c) Will the space be taken out of the news hole without diminishing the hard news?

Other Executive: (turning to Rosenthal) Would you be willing to consider your position (he is cut off)

Rosenthal: I want you to forget everything I've said about the new feature because the most meaningful things I've said, I've said tonight. And (I'll admit that one of my big concerns is) if we are going to lose 10 per cent of our space I'm going to be stoned.

Argyris: For being a traitor?

Rosenthal: Yes, we're going to have to justify this.

I'm going to have to prove (to my subordinates) that it's going to be good. [First Executive] just asked if there was agreement on the three questions. I don't think there is.

Oakes: No, I don't think so either.

* * *

Argyris: Let me ask if the issue is not that you, Oakes, want to manage it and you, Rosenthal, believe that you should manage it.

Oakes: Well, I wouldn't put it as crudely as that—but that is essentially what I think. . . . Yes, that is what I think.

* * *

Oakes: Well, there are several things, not personal but institutional—well, maybe to *this* degree it is personal, there's a long history of my involvement in this. So it seems to me the most natural and normal, almost inherent part of my department.

Rosenthal: I understand your feelings perfectly. I'm not bullshitting. I know that you were thinking of the new feature long before I was. Now let me ask you honestly, in the spirit of Poundtree [the location of the management retreat], should your department also be responsible for selecting what should appear in the new feature?

Oakes: Yes, it's a reciprocal function. It's much more appropriate than the news. I feel that your department is getting into extra-news activity.

* * *

Sulzberger: I've got some honest-to-Christ confusions in my mind.

Oakes: You've got, for the first time, some honest conversations, I'll tell you that

* * *

Rosenthal: (to Sulzberger) This (has) bothered me more than anything else in my professional life. And I would feel equally strong if it went to the right. The editorial page has gone toward the left; the columnists are liberal to liberal left; and many of the bright reporters have come out of an atmosphere of advocacy. All of us—something has happened. At times, during the Chicago business, I felt that the paper was in trouble. I felt that my job was to pull it back to center. This paper should not be politically discernable.

* * *

Oakes: We mustn't get into disagreement here because we are in absolute agreement. You see, I feel just as strongly as you do that reporters should not become editorial writers. Indeed, I would fire some of those bastards.

Rosenthal: I contend with this every day. Not with what gets into the paper but with what does not get into the paper. Not only what we cut out but what I know they would like to do if they could do it. That's not an enjoyable life. I know what they are feeling and saying about me: OK, you son-of-a-bitch, this is the way you're going to run this paper. OK, but we don't like it. And that's not very comfortable.

* * *

After the unsuccessful management seminar, Argyris concludes that Sulzberger is surrounded by a group of "yes" men who resist being welded into an effective executive team, preferring instead one-to-one contact with the publisher. Sulzberger perceives this as a problem but is unable to overcome it. These conversations discuss Sulzberger's style of management.

Sulzberger: . . . As all of you know, there is an issue that we planned to discuss here which has been on and off for four years [the Op-ed page]. Each of you tell me your views and then you leave and

nothing happens.

An Executive: After four years of waiting, I think Sulzberger should make the decision.

An Executive: But how can he? He really doesn't know where we stand.

Sulzberger: I guess I can make assumptions.

An Executive: Yes, but your assumptions have been wrong.

Argyris: Perhaps you can test your assumptions. An Executive: Why do we have to focus on Sulzberger? Why can't we talk about the best decision-making structure? Why do we have to get into this behavioral science crap, if you'll forgive the expression?

Sulzberger: But will we learn anything?

An Executive: How can we talk about this in the abstract? He is the only president we have.

An Executive: I'm sympathetic. This conversation is focusing increasingly on you as an individual.

Sulzberger: I want it to.

An Executive: He's asking for it.

Sulzberger: I want to listen, learn, and come back at you (laughter).

Argyris: Perhaps this is another fear. If we talk about Sulzberger, then it makes it more legitimate for him and others to talk about us.

An Executive: Does it make sense to analyze motives? I think we ought to stop this.

Argyris: I agree with you that analyzing motives may be ineffective. However, if my diagnosis is correct, the people in this room—indeed in the entire organization—spend much of their time analyzing motives, never testing their analyses, and then acting on them.

Sulzberger: Why is it necessary to look at how we operate as a group? Let's take an issue and discuss it.

Argyris: Once in a while, it's important to open up the hood of your car and see if the motor is working effectively.

An Executive: The old president [Arthur Hays Sulzberger] used to say that if you had a car going 50 miles an hour, never open up the hood.

Argyris: This is a choice that we now have to make. Do we want to look at our behavior?

Sulzberger: I think we have to. We can't go back to the old days. I doubt if that will work. You and others ask for involvement. I am trying to give it. My difficulty is that I try to involve everyone and I get no decision made.

* * *

Sulzberger: I wanted to open up the big issues of the paper. Where are we going? Are we drifting, resting on our laurels? I wanted to get all the responsible editors together and sit down to have a rational discussion that would lead somewhere. Not just have a discussion where all of you get up and go away. I've never been able to succeed in doing it. And I've tried every format I know. Everyone starts to defend what he is doing and we end up with a one-to-one relationship. However, let me say this. I'm willing to start over again.

'I Got the Queen in the Morning and the Prince at Night'

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition
And Gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with me upon Saint Crispin's Day.

—Henry V

August 29

Temptation calls at 10 a.m. A publicity person at Simon & Schuster asks, "How would you like to go on one of the most fantastic junkets of all time?" S & S is publishing Cornelius Ryan's new book about the Allied defeat at Arnhem during World War II and they're offering a four-day trip to Holland for ceremonies commemorating the 30th anniversary of the battle, including a boat trip down the Rhine to visit the battlefields in the company of Generals James Gavin and Matthew Ridgway, a drop by 240 American paratroopers, and the regal presence of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard. KLM will fly us over first class and the Dutch Government will pick up the rest of the tab.

September 1

During the Labor Day weekend, I brood over the offer. I know it's sleazy, but I want to go. It's been a godawful summer. Two months on the impeachment story and then Nixon killed it. No vacation. Europe's at its best in September. Anyway, it's a lovely story for [MORE]. The biggest airborne operation in history marked by the biggest publishing junket in history. Moreover, it's one journalistic experience I've never had. The Baltimore Sun and The New York Times, in whose stately vineyards I labored for some 15 years, never permitted their minions to go on junkets. As a freelancer, I've been offered several, but never one like this. When I sell out, I sell out big.

September 3

I call the Editor. He loves the story. We both recognize that [MORE]—which occasionally fancies itself the Conscience of the American Press—will be criticized for accepting a junket. But what is wicked about a junket is not the very act of going on one—there is nothing inherently corrupting about travel or good food—but whether one pays off with promotional puffery. In this case, the object is promotion for Ryan's book and Dutch tourism. Certainly, Holland will form the incidental backdrop of my story—but what is left to say about windmills and tulips? I'll have to mention that Ryan has written a new book, but nothing I write will make any difference one way or another to a book which had more than a million copies in print in nine countries on publication day. And what I want to write about is neither country nor book but the junket itself: how it works. Yet, I'm not out to do another bit of junket muckraking. A dozen outraged Lincoln Steffenses have mined that genre into a barren hole. Junkets are hardly among the major ills of American

J. Anthony Lukas, a senior editor of [MORE], is working on a narrative history of Watergate for Viking.

10 [MORE]

In which the author partakes of his first junket and discovers it includes Creme Chiffonade, 'fucky fucky' shows in Amsterdam, a ride down the Rhine with General Gavin and a 240-man paratroop drop over Arnhem.

journalism—just a phenomenon of our publicity-fueled subculture which may be worth examining from time to time.

September 6

Problems. Ryan has never heard of [MORE]. Worse he has never heard of me—oh, agonies of ego! He doesn't want me along. "Connie wants to save the rest of the places for his buddies," I'm told.

September 9

Saved. One of the publicity people decides to list me as representing "The Atlantic Monthly" and [MORE]." Ryan knows about *The Atlantic Monthly*. But does the *Atlantic* know about this?

September 11

A messenger delivers a little blue KLM suitcase full of press releases. They stress that I am now among a "small, select group of journalists" invited on the trip—among them, syndicated columnists Earl Wilson, John Chamberlain and Bob Considine; William Randolph Hearst, Jr., editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspapers; Eliot Fremont-Smith, book critic of *New York*; Bill Downs of ABC and others. Ladies are advised to bring "short cocktail type" dresses for evening wear. A pad of lined white paper is included, presumably to write our stories on.

September 14

As per instructions, the first wave of junketeers gathers in the "Rembrandt Room," KLM's first class departure lounge, at Kennedy Airport. No oil paintings but plenty of good Dutch gin to oil the wheels for departure. On board, the pilot informs us that "takeoff is imminent," an appropriately literary phrase to launch us on our bookish boondoggle. Soon Dutch blondes are plying us with champagne, Creme Chiffonade, Grenadin de Boeuf au Madere avec Tomates Dubarry et Pommes Chateau, Entremets de Douceur, Corbeille de Fruits, Vin de la Moselle, Vin de Bordeaux, Irish coffee, Cognac V.S.O.P., Cherry Heering. I find myself sitting next to a 33-year-old Dutchman who works for Xerox. He's just spent a week at the company's headquarters in Rochester and is heading home. Since he comes from a town near Arnhem, I show him Ryan's book. Would he like to read it on the flight? "No

thank you," he says. "I'm not that interested in war."

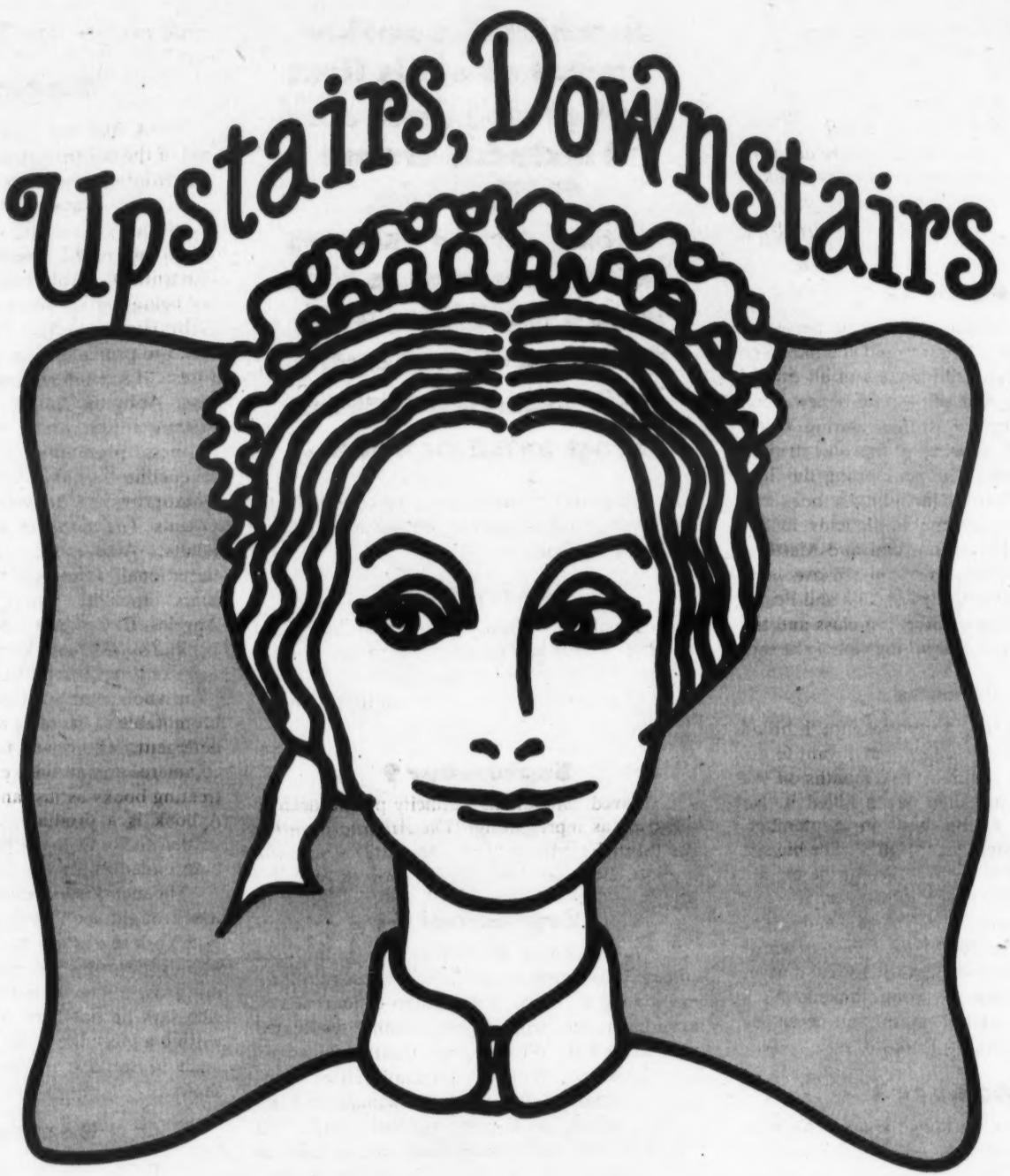
September 15

A free day in Amsterdam waiting for the rest of the troops to assemble. At mid-afternoon in the Hilton's Half Moon Bar, the "journalists" gather over Bloody Marys to debrief each other. Everybody's very cool, very cynical. We put down Ryan, his book, Simon & Schuster, the Dutch Government. At all costs, we must show that we are not being conned or taken in. Listening to all this, Abby Hirsch, a New York press agent hired by S & S to promote Ryan's book, smiles her worldly-wisest. "I see nobody's come to praise Caesar," she says. Abby is smart, tough, without illusions. Within a few years, she has built a lucrative business promoting such clients as the late Jacqueline Susann, the "Miss Hollywood Star of Tomorrow," *Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang*, Jack Olsen's *The Girls in the Office*, a tricycle for adults, Alka-Seltzer, Rod McKuen, the International Teen-Age Pageant, "Barber to the Stars" John de Coney, the official witch of Los Angeles, El Cordobes and Spiderman. In her new book, *The Carmen Miranda Look-Alike Contest*, Abby outlines her philosophy of promoting books: "The whole matter boils down to whether a book is promotable in the same way as, say, a new brand of detergent. There are those who think art and commerce are mutually exclusive and who object to treating books as just another product. I disagree. A book is a product . . . if the Bible had been written today by some guy who stuttered it might have ended up in the discount bin at Marlboro's . . . The media, like most of us, love a hoax." Abby has brought along two friends—Kevin Kobel, a New York real estate man and fledgling impresario who is covering for *Rolling Stone*, and Henry Edwards, a sometime novelist and junket junkie who says he has been on nearly a dozen, who is writing a piece for *Viva*. The four of us go off that night to see one of Amsterdam's "fucky-fucky" shows.

September 16

D-Day has arrived and so have most of the other troops, with some notable exceptions: Earl Wilson bowed out at the last moment, as did William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and *New York* magazine decided it would be improper for Fremont-Smith to accept the junket. At 1500 hours, Ryan hobbles through the door on a cane, a Dutch colonel solicitously at his elbow. By now we have all read a long article in a Dutch tourist magazine explaining that Ryan is suffering from terminal cancer. The 54-year-old author told the magazine that he has avoided talking about the disease until now "because I didn't want the book coming out while it seemed I was courting sympathy. I didn't want my illness affecting the critics' reviews." But then he proceeded to tell the magazine about it in excruciating detail. Ryan is not a popular man—he can be abrasive, even arrogant—but his illness is an asset in that regard. "For God's sake," says one person, "let the poor man have his final fling." Many reporters are inclined to agree.

Also gathering in the Hilton lobby this morning are some 20 Allied officers who had



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commanded troops in the 1944 operation named "Market-Garden" ("Market" for the giant airborne operation in which some 35,000 American, British and Polish troops dropped or landed by glider in an effort to seize five key bridges leading north from Belgium to Arnhem; and "Garden" for the land dash by the British XXX Corps in the vain effort to reach the paratroopers at Arnhem before they were surrounded and annihilated). Among those whom we see shaking hands with Ryan now are General Gavin, who led his 72nd Airborne Division in its seizure of the middle sector, particularly the vital bridge at Nijmegen; Major General John Frost, who held out for nearly a week against overwhelming odds at the Arnhem bridge; Brigadier Charles MacKenzie, chief of staff of the British First Airborne Division, surrounded by two German Panzer Divisions at Arnhem; and a six-man delegation of Polish officers who had been among those dropped near Arnhem toward the end of the operation in a desperate effort to relieve the embattled British.

On hand, too, is General Ridgway, who, as commander of the XVIII Airborne Corps, had only a peripheral relationship with the operation. A reporter overhears him on a phone in the lobby. "Yes, the highest award France gives . . . the Rosette . . . Yes, yes, I know, I already have one, but I left it at home and I need one here . . . in case we have to wear our uniforms . . ."

Not all Allied officers were quite so willing to take part in the promotion for Ryan's book or for Dutch tourism. Some balked at first when their invitations came from the Netherlands National Tourist Office. They demanded—and got—invitations from the Dutch Army Chief of Staff. Some stayed away for personal reasons: Britain's General Sir John Hackett, whom Ryan portrays in the book as a rather testy martinet, attacked the book as a "travesty" in the London *Sunday Times*, then refused to come. One senior British officer turned to a colleague in their London club and said, "I'm all for tourism in Holland, but I can't stand the *Reader's Digest*"—Ryan is roving editor of the *Digest*, which provided much of the research for his book. And still another British officer put it even more bluntly as he declined his invitation: "I don't want to be part of the Ryan Express."

A few minutes later, the ceremonies begin with what is billed as a "press conference." Some 100 American, British, French and Dutch journalists fill a Hilton reception room to hear J.N. Strijkers, director-general of the Netherlands National Tourist Office, who is nothing if not frank about the Dutch motives for all this. "Several years ago, the tourist industry in Normandy saw the incredible influence that a book can bring in the wake of its publication. In that case, the book was *The Longest Day* by Cornelius Ryan. It treated in detailed accuracy the Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944 . . . the book stimulated an endless stream of tourists, more than half a million . . . but the French were ill-prepared to handle this vast outpouring . . . Now the same result is anticipated here after Mr. Ryan's new book . . . the Netherlands Tourist Office sensed an opportunity to broaden the tourist season here . . . That is why we have invited you, the press of America and Europe . . . Indeed, there are so many senior correspondents of major newspapers, authors, tv personalities and other press celebrities here today that I would venture to say that never before has such an international group of news media assembled in one room . . ."

The floor is opened for questions. But there are no questions. After Strijkers' blunt exposition, the few real reporters present seem too overcome with embarrassment to say anything. "Well, if there are no questions, we'll . . ." Up from the

back of the room pops some kindly soul who asks Brigadier Thompson, who commanded the British artillery at Arnhem and is now defense correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, why the radios "went futz" during the battle. Thompson says he long ago learned that "the only communications that ever work in the British Army are those manned by the artillery." Everybody laughs nervously. The "press conference" is adjourned.

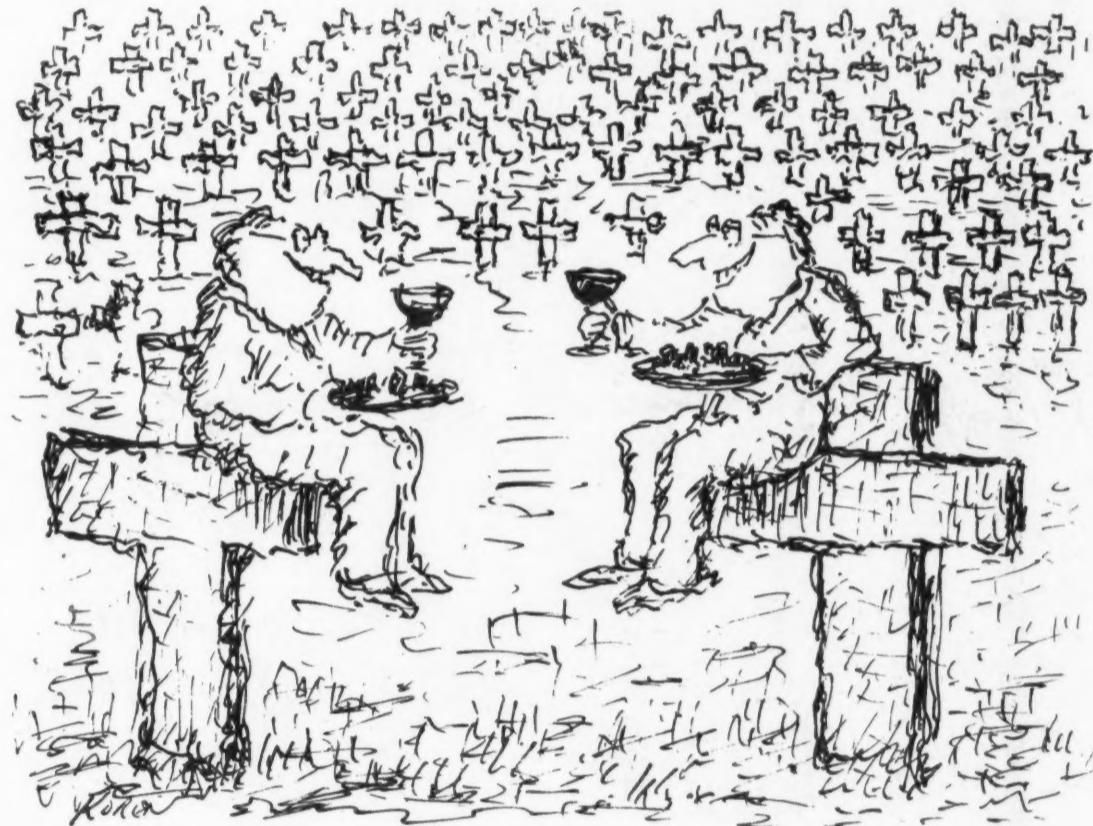
In the hall outside, I meet Mary Reinholtz, who writes the "Liberated Woman" column for the New York *Daily News* and is here covering for *New Times*.

"I feel dirty," she says.

Mary is genuinely horrified. She had come expecting a reenactment of the battle and now she discovers the base motives—tourism and book promotion—underlying the trip. "God, it's awful," she exclaims. "I've been used." Her despair brings out the cynical old correspondent in me. "Well, you have to be deflowered some time," I growl. "Just relax and enjoy the farce. Soon you'll see it's not so much outrageous as ridiculous." Indeed, soon we're laughing rather merrily as our launch glides

another banquet. And more speeches. After endless tributes to Connie Ryan from generals of all nationalities, Dutch resistance leaders and pr men, up gets Pierre Salinger—from his seat at Ryan's table. Salinger is listed as covering for the French magazine, *L'Express*, but nobody has seen him reach for a pencil. "It's time for a journalist to speak," he says. A hush did not exactly fall over the assemblage. "I've been asked by some of my colleagues in the press to say a few words. I want to say that we all appreciate this invitation. Very few of us consider this a junket. It's really a very serious reunion marking a moment in history." Then he proposed a toast to "Connie, Connie, Connie Ryan—his masterpiece!"

Our table has corralled General Frost—now a cattle farmer in West Sussex—who regales us with recollections of his stand at the Arnhem bridge. But his wife, Dina, interrupts: "I can't get over how grateful the Dutch are to us considering that we came in here and made such an absolute mess of Market-Garden, thousands and thousands of people died, not only ours but theirs [Allied killed, wounded and missing totalled 17,000 in nine days and Dutch civilian casualties may have



through Amsterdam's canals to the waterside entrance of 502 Herengracht, the official residence of the burgomaster. Amid Italian stucco, crystal chandeliers and Louis XVI furniture, Burgomaster Samkalden plies us with champagne and hors d'oeuvres. Finally, he introduces Ryan who tells us some more about his book and takes a slap at the American press. "I'm not surprised that there were no questions at the press conference," he says. "Arnhem was hardly written about in the American press, so the average American correspondent doesn't know what questions to ask."

Back in the launches again, we slip—this time by candlelight—through the serpentine canals to our home for the next two days: the Holland Emerald, a cruise ship of the Holland River Line. The ship is a floating hotel—341 feet long, with four decks, bar, dining room, lounges and 200 outside cabins. At seven, the open bar begins dispensing champagne. At eight we sit down to

reached 10,000]. Just then Ryan came up behind Frost and said, "John, sometime tomorrow you and I have to walk along the bridge for French tv. I think it would be nice if you'd wear your uniform. Look better on camera." A few minutes later he's back, chagrined. "Protocol says no uniforms."

After dinner, we persuade the generals to talk more about the battle. Someone asks Gavin why there was so little American press coverage of Market-Garden. "Well, we had a hell of a fight on our hands and the last thing we thought about was going to London to find a correspondent. But then some British guy wrote a story saying there were no Americans in the operation and the paper got up to some of my younger officers who were mad as hell. I put one of my brashest young officers in a jeep and told him to go to Paris and get some press fellas up there pronto. If you don't have correspondents with you, you don't get your story out. And, let me tell you, that's important. The best boost to troop morale is when they start getting letters from home with clippings telling what a great job the boys at the front are doing. Public

SB 17

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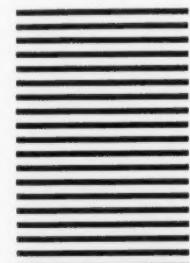
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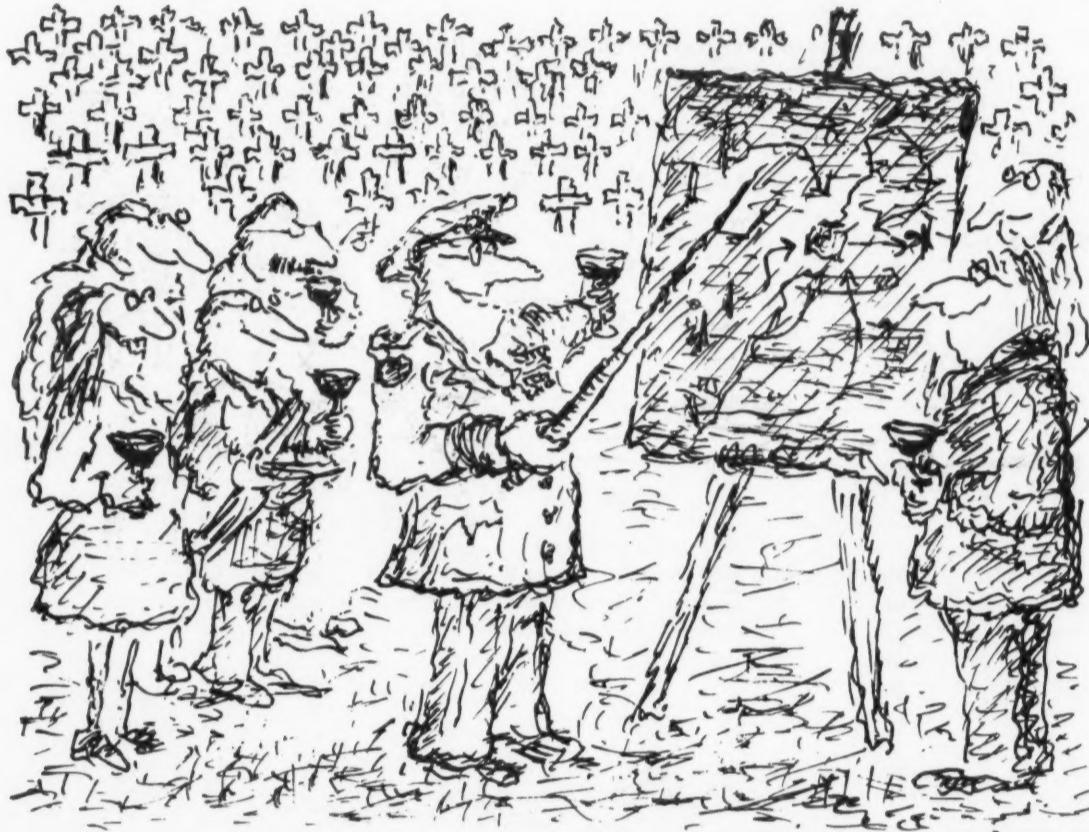
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recognition counts for a lot in wartime. You can go all the way back to Henry V at Agincourt, who said 'Gentlemen now a-bed shall think themselves cursed they were not here'

September 17

Under cover of darkness we glide into Arnhem and tie up just under the famous bridge. At breakfast, there is a festive air. Some of the old war correspondents are gaily reminiscing. Lou Azrael of the Baltimore *News-Post* asks Charlie Robbins, formerly of Hearst, "Do you remember when you and I and Bob Vermillion all shared a cab on V-E Day in Paris and we ran into a bunch of kids with their hands linked across the street singing the Marseillaise and they wouldn't let us go until we sang 'Dixie.'?" Joe Willicombe, a vice-president of King Features, recalls how Walter Cronkite and Stanley Woodward came in on a glider which had its wheels shot off in the air. "Woodward lost his glasses and he had to hang onto Cronkite's belt until they found a store where he could get some more." Everybody laughs just a bit too uproariously.



Ed Koren

There is a lot of the Press Club Bar and the Sigma Delta Chi convention on this trip, and even more of that peculiar euphoria which comes from having gone through a battle with other men, of having survived, and then coming back to relive those days—a euphoria which Henry V evoked in his lyrical "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," and which is as seductive to old reporters as it is to old soldiers. Indeed, the trip apparently grew out of one of the oldest established permanent floating press reunions in history. Shortly after the Normandy landing, reporters in the American sector of the beachhead formed the Normandy Beachhead Correspondents Association to negotiate press facilities, arrange news conferences and the like. After the war, with Jack Thompson of the *Chicago Tribune* as president, the association remained intact, largely for a series of return voyages to Normandy. These were a promotional stroke of Ben Wright, an Air Force press officer who after the war became a public relations man for American Overseas Airways and later for its successor, Pan American. Through

Wright, some 50 members of the association got a free trip to Normandy—with a stopover in Gay Paree—on the fifth anniversary of the landing. As Wright recalls it, "The guys drank so much booze, ate so much food, had so much fun and got so sentimentally gobbed up by the war that we decided that we ought to do it every five years from then on—and we did with the exception of the 15th." But this year—with Wright retired to Colorado suffering from heart trouble and the company suffering from severe financial deficits—Pan Am declined to repeat the junket.

And this provided a unique opportunity for Connie Ryan, an association member himself and a man known in publishing circles as a self-promotional genius. Wright and Ryan were talking one day when somehow it occurred to them that the correspondents should make their 30th anniversary trip this year to Holland—just in time for the publication of Ryan's book. Early last year, Wright and Ryan broached the idea to Frederik Kielman, KLM's general manager in the United States. KLM loved the idea; the airline lost \$30 million last year, more this year and desperately needs to develop American tourism to Holland. A further

In overcoming the inertia in both Holland and Britain, Ben Wright recalls, "Ryan was the driving force. He really put the screws on them." During his seven years of work on the book, Ryan had become friendly with Prince Bernhard, Juliana's consort. "The Ryan-Bernhard axis was the key one," a Dutch official told me. "Once Ryan had sold the Prince on the tourist benefits of all this, the full resources of the government were thrown behind the project." ("I must be the only guy who turned on a country to sell a book," Ryan boasted to a reporter.)

T

The "editorial committee" began sending out invitations in June—chiefly to members of the old correspondents association. Ultimately, 14 men who had been on the first Normandy beachhead reunion formed the junket's "inner circle." Besides Ryan, Wright, Thompson, Willicombe, Robbins and Azrael, it included Boyd Lewis, retired president of NEA; Henry Jameson, editor of the *Abilene (Kansas) Reflector*; Bill Stoneman, retired from the *Chicago Daily News*; Charles Lynch, of Canada's Southern News Service; Bill Munro, publisher of Canada's *Edmonton Journal*; Sy Peterman, retired from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*; Jack Lieb, of Jack Lieb Productions in Chicago, and John Wilhelm, president of Ohio University's School of Journalism. Simon & Schuster, which was brought into the act relatively late, invited others, among them William Hogan, book editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; Frances Corrado of the *Providence Journal*. Abby Hirsch added some more names, as did Jules Farber, a public relations man hired in Amsterdam to handle the American-based correspondents in Europe as well as British, French and Dutch journalists.

So there we all were in Arnhem. After a briefing from Dutch, British and American officers in the map-lined "war room" on board the Holland Emerald, we set out for lunch at the Arnhem Provincial House, given by the authorities of Gelderland Province. There we get yet another reminder of how reluctant even some Dutch officials are to resume these occasions. "We sought to turn that page," the Governor tells us. "Now we stir again the memory."

After lunch, half the Dutch Army seems to have turned out to take us on the battlefield tour. Three of us pile into each jeep as they wheel out in single file. Somehow six jeeps get separated from the others and we end up at the airborne cemetery. "Where's the war?" Jack Lieb asks plaintively, his cameras at the ready. It is as if we are reliving the Arnhem operation, in which the British forces get splintered and lost in the woods around the city. Meanwhile, Brigadier Thompson has set out in another jeep to find the drop zone in which his artillerymen landed 30 years before. But his map, the very one he had used in the operation, does not show the new superhighways. Thompson ends up in the city dump.

The day concludes with yet another banquet—this one in the 15th-century Doorwerth Castle—and yet another speech from Connie Ryan in his now familiar empyrean style: "You almost feel that we are retracing the route of the crusaders." And so to bed.

September 18

The Holland Emerald docks at Nijmegen and we embark for the famed bridge stormed by Gavin's men. Gavin is there this morning to install a time capsule. And Queen Juliana arrives to preside over the ceremonies. Yet only a few days ago, the Queen had decided not to attend—reportedly at the urging of some of her advisers, who felt it was inappropriate for her to plug, even

(continued on page 23)

The Chosen People

BY EDWIN DIAMOND

As every Horatio Alger knows, *Time* gravely crowned the 200 rising young leaders in America last summer. But as even the magazine conceded at the time, "Any list maker runs the risk that some of his choices may prove to be eccentric and some of his omissions unforgivable." It is in this spirit, then, that for the first time anywhere [MORE] publishes (opposite) the names of 87 men (and one woman) who came oh so close but in the end wound up on *Time's* Final Rejects List.

The shape and direction of the rejects list compared to what *Time's* July 15 issue called its "200 Faces for the Future" are as much Rorshachs of the *Time* editorial psyche as they are portraits of rising American leadership. Pennsylvania insurance commissioner Herbert Denenberg, a leading consumerist, was one of those who was off then on until the end and then dropped. Recently ousted Queens Democratic leader Matthew Troy bounced on and off and on, like a strap hanger on the BMT. Onetime Wall Street whiz Dan Lufkin was on and then dropped—perhaps because a long, complex story about one of his financial ventures had surfaced. Ex-Peace Corps director Joe Blatchford and *Chicago Sun Times* editor Jim Hoge were on the rejects list, then made it to a special standby list and at the end were promoted to the final "Portfolio." Reject listee Donald Marron, a Wall Street investment broker, made the final Portfolio after, it is said, an intense lobbying effort on his behalf. Some *Time* people lobbied to keep certain nominees off the list. At least one staffer takes credit for blackballing writer David Halberstam. The editors in New York thought that the Reverend Jessie Jackson should be on. He had, after all, been a *Time* cover subject—but reporters in the field argued Jackson wasn't leading anyone anywhere. He was dropped.

Judging the leadership of journalists "was very hard to nail down," says Ron Kriss, the senior editor in charge of the project. Barbara Walters, for example, made the final list not so much because she is the \$400,000-a-year star of the Today show but because her other program, Not For Women Only, "has introduced serious adult topics to daytime television." *Washington Post* columnist George Will and CBS newsman Dan Rather—two Nixon critics—were off in May and back on the final list in July. On the other hand, two leading New York intellectual journalists, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz and *New York Times Book Review* editor John Leonard, could get no farther than the semi-finals, along with *Playboy* editor Arthur Kretchmer (who, in turn, was judged more of a leader than his older brother, Jerome, the New York City politician).

A number of leaders, anointed and would-be, ran into trouble almost before the Xerox lists could be run off. Rejectee George Steinbrenner, a principal owner of the New York Yankees, faced court action for his role in illegal contributions to the Nixon re-election effort (see article, page 5). And, according to *FYI*, *Time's* house organ: "One eminent nominee for a 'discovery' turned out to have been just indicted on 14 counts of felony when the local [*Time*] bureau was asked for information about him."

Toward the end of the project, some of the *Time* women researchers working on the Portfolio expressed strong dissatisfaction at the relatively small number of women on the lists. "We scoured the country asking for more, more, more women," Kriss recalls. Eventually, 18 women made the Portfolio, about 9.5 per cent of the total. The attitude was, nine per cent might not be enough, but, as listee Gloria Steinem later told lister Kriss, "it reflects reality." The same reasoning was applied to blacks, though the number of black faces in the Portfolio is closer to the "correct" percentage in the national census.

At the very end, the list of finalists was held as closely as the Price Waterhouse envelope with an Oscar-winner's name in it. Only three men, editor-in-chief Hedley Donovan, managing editor Henry Grunwald, and Kriss, had access to it; they sat down and did the final selecting and name dropping. Harvard Nieman curator James Thomson and Princeton

professor Richard Falk, two academics united by a common opposition to the Indochina war, were rejects. New England and the Ivy League plus MIT are exceedingly well represented, despite early talk of regional quotas. Woodward and Bernstein never got a call on the backstretch. Very few of the men swept into power by the Ford presidency, barely a month after the Portfolio appeared, got any mention. The 44-year-old president of NBC News (Richard Wald) is off the list while the 31-year-old editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* (Michael Howard) is on. A politician who didn't make the list claims that "*Time* threw in every young elected politician in the country just to protect itself." And a young editor who has studied the Portfolio reports: "One of the striking things about the list to me is how many names are (1) children of people already famous [*Time* likes dynasties and to be able to use its files to fill out a story]; or (2) people nobody would ever have heard of, but for the fact that *Time* ran a profile on them."

All nominees for the final Portfolio were judged by "the achievement of civic and social impact, or the potential for it," and all had to be 45 years old or younger. The "impact" criterion arbitrarily excluded artists, actors, painters and musicians; "They are basically soloists," *Time* explained. It also seemed to work against businessmen, or "tycoons," as *Time* once would have put it. When the first round of some 300 nominations came back from the bureaus in May, there were not—by some head counts—enough business "leaders." "Donovan and the 34th floor [where Time Inc.'s executive offices are] were reading over the editors' shoulders and got a little nervous about the list," says one reporter.

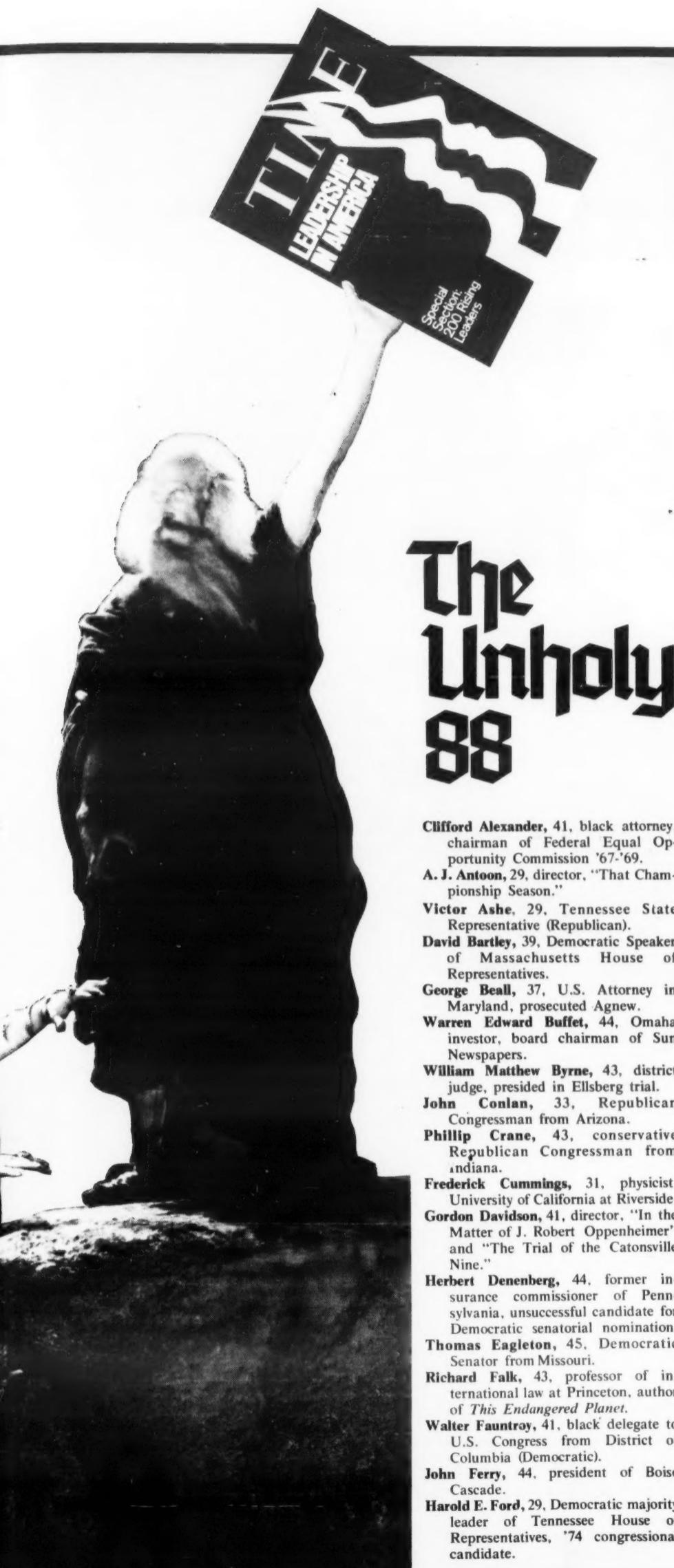
Kriss circulated the first list of the bureau's 300 nominees to the editorial staff in New York, where about 200 more names were added. Yet the tycoon shortage persisted, and a new query went out, raising the age cutoff to 50. Ultimately, Grunwald decided to go back down to 45, and bridged the whole "tycoon gap" by noting in the Portfolio introduction:

"There would undoubtedly have been more businessmen had our age limit been higher. . . Yet at 45, most financial and industrial whiz kids are still preoccupied with climbing corporate ladders, and their deepest involvement in civic affairs occur only after they have reached the top."

Edwin Diamond comments on the media for the Post-Newsweek broadcast stations and is a visiting lecturer in the political science department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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The Unholy 88

Clifford Alexander, 41, black attorney, chairman of Federal Equal Opportunity Commission '67-'69.

A. J. Antoon, 29, director, "That Championship Season."

Victor Ashe, 29, Tennessee State Representative (Republican).

David Bartley, 39, Democratic Speaker of Massachusetts House of Representatives.

George Beall, 37, U.S. Attorney in Maryland, prosecuted Agnew.

Warren Edward Buffet, 44, Omaha investor, board chairman of Sun Newspapers.

William Matthew Byrne, 43, district judge, presided in Ellsberg trial.

John Conlan, 33, Republican Congressman from Arizona.

Phillip Crane, 43, conservative Republican Congressman from Indiana.

Frederick Cummings, 31, physicist, University of California at Riverside.

Gordon Davidson, 41, director, "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" and "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."

Herbert Denenberg, 44, former insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania, unsuccessful candidate for Democratic senatorial nomination.

Thomas Eagleton, 45, Democratic Senator from Missouri.

Richard Falk, 43, professor of international law at Princeton, author of *This Endangered Planet*.

Walter Fauntroy, 41, black delegate to U.S. Congress from District of Columbia (Democratic).

John Ferry, 44, president of Boise Cascade.

Harold E. Ford, 29, Democratic majority leader of Tennessee House of Representatives, '74 congressional candidate.

Johnny L. Ford, 31, black mayor of Tuskegee, Ala., supported George Wallace.

Leighton Ford, 40, Billy Graham's brother-in-law, vice-president of Graham organization.

Barney Frank, 34, Massachusetts State Representative (Democrat).

Arthur "Pete" Geisen, Jr., 42, Republican minority leader of Virginia House of Representatives, president and treasurer of Augusta Steel.

Harrison Goldin, 38, Democratic Comptroller of New York City.

Barry Goldwater, Jr., 36, Republican Congressman from California.

Richard N. Goodwin, 42, former Kennedy speechwriter, author of *The American Condition*, political editor of *Rolling Stone*.

Mike Gravel, 44, Democratic Senator from Alaska.

William Green, 36, Democratic Congressman from Philadelphia.

Dell O. Gustafson, 43, owner of Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas.

David Halberstam, 40, author, *The Best and the Brightest*.

Jack Haley, Jr., 40, president of 20th Century Fox television division.

Morton Halperin, former aide to Henry Kissinger.

Gary Hart, 36, McGovern campaign manager, '74 Democratic senatorial candidate from Colorado.

Alfred Heller, 45, ecologist, author of *California Tomorrow plan*.

Edgerton L. "Bubba" Henny, 38, speaker of Louisiana House of Representatives.

William Hobby, 42, editor of *Houston Post*.

Thomas Hoving, 43, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

David Howard, 45, director of missions dept. of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, author of *Student Power in World Evangelism*.

Imamu Amiri Baraka, 43, black poet and political leader in Newark, formerly known as Leroi Jones.

Robert Larry Jinks, 45, managing editor of *Miami Herald*.

David Kearns, 35, research chemist at University of California at Riverside.

Winthrop Knowlton, 43, president of Harper & Row.

John Kramer, 37, attorney, executive director of National Council on Hunger.

Arthur Kretchmer, 33, executive editor of *Playboy*.

John Leonard, 35, editor of *New York Times Book Review*.

Dan Lufkin, 42, member of New York Stock Exchange Board of Governors, board chairman of Donaldson Lufkin.

Richard Blaine Madden, 45, president of Potlatch Forests, assistant treasurer of Mobil Oil.

John Willard Marriott, Jr., 42, restaurant and hotel executive, headed Nixon inauguration committees in '68 and '72.

Louis Marx, Jr., 34, board chairman of Marx Toys.

Bob Mathias, 44, Republican Congressman from California.

John Edward McConaughy, Jr., 45, board chairman of Peabody Galion Corp. (environmental control company).

Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell, 49, Republican Congressman from North Carolina.

Robert Mondragon, 34, Democratic Lieutenant Governor of New Mexico.

Bob Moretti, 38, Democratic speaker of California Assembly.

H. Barclay Morley, 45, president of Stauffer Chemical Co.

Mrs. Betty Southard Murphy, 43, attorney, partner in Washington law firm of Wilson, Woods & Villalon.

David Obey, 35, Democratic Congressman from Wisconsin.

Richard Oldenburg, 40, director of the Museum of Modern Art.

Victor Palmieri, 44, California business executive, former deputy executive director of National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

Michael Pertschuk, 41, chief counsel of U.S. Senate Commerce committee, commissioner of National Committee on Product Safety '68-'70.

Robert Pitofsky, 45, professor of law at Georgetown University.

Norman Podhoretz, 44, author, editor of *Commentary*.

Louis "Bo" Polk, Jr., 44, board chairman of Leisure Dynamics, Inc., former MGM executive.

Robert Price, 44, investment company executive, New York World Trade Center committee.

Charles Ravenel, 36, banker, '74 Democratic gubernatorial candidate in South Carolina.

Joe Reed, 42, member of English department at Wesleyan University.

James Redden, 45, Democratic State Treasurer of Oregon.

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Steve Symms, 36, Republican Congressman from Idaho.

James Thomson, 42, Harvard research fellow, member of board of directors of National Council on U.S.-China Relations.

Lawrence Tribe, professor of law at Harvard University.

Frosty Troy, 40, publisher, editor, and reporter of *Oklahoma Observer*.

James Guy Tucker, 31, Democratic Attorney General of Arkansas.

John Tunney, 40, Democratic Senator from California.

Luke Tupper, 40, Franciscan medical missionary in South America.

Fred Turner, 40, president of McDonald's.

Robert Venturi, 49, architect.

William Walker, 36, general counsel of Cost of Living Council.

Robert Buford Wallace, 39, chairman of Charleston Co. Democratic party.

Tracy Westen, adjunct professor of law at UCLA.

Lawrence Douglas Wilder, 43, Virginia State Senator, NAACP Legal Defense Fund.

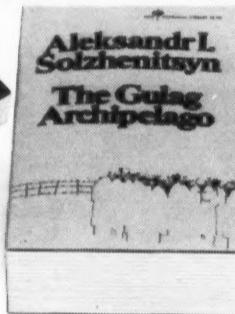
Don Young, 41, Republican Congressman from Alaska.

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Racing The Hurricane

BY BLAKE FLEETWOOD

On June 17, 1966, two blacks walked into the Lafayette Grill, a white working man's bar in Paterson, N.J., and killed three persons. Four months later, boxer Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, then an antipoverty worker as well as a professional fighter, and a companion, John Artis, were arrested and charged with the shotgun slayings. From the outset, they denied any knowledge of the shootings. Indeed, each passed a lie detector test, and no murder weapons were ever found. Yet both were sentenced to jail for life, and the press reacted with almost total apathy.

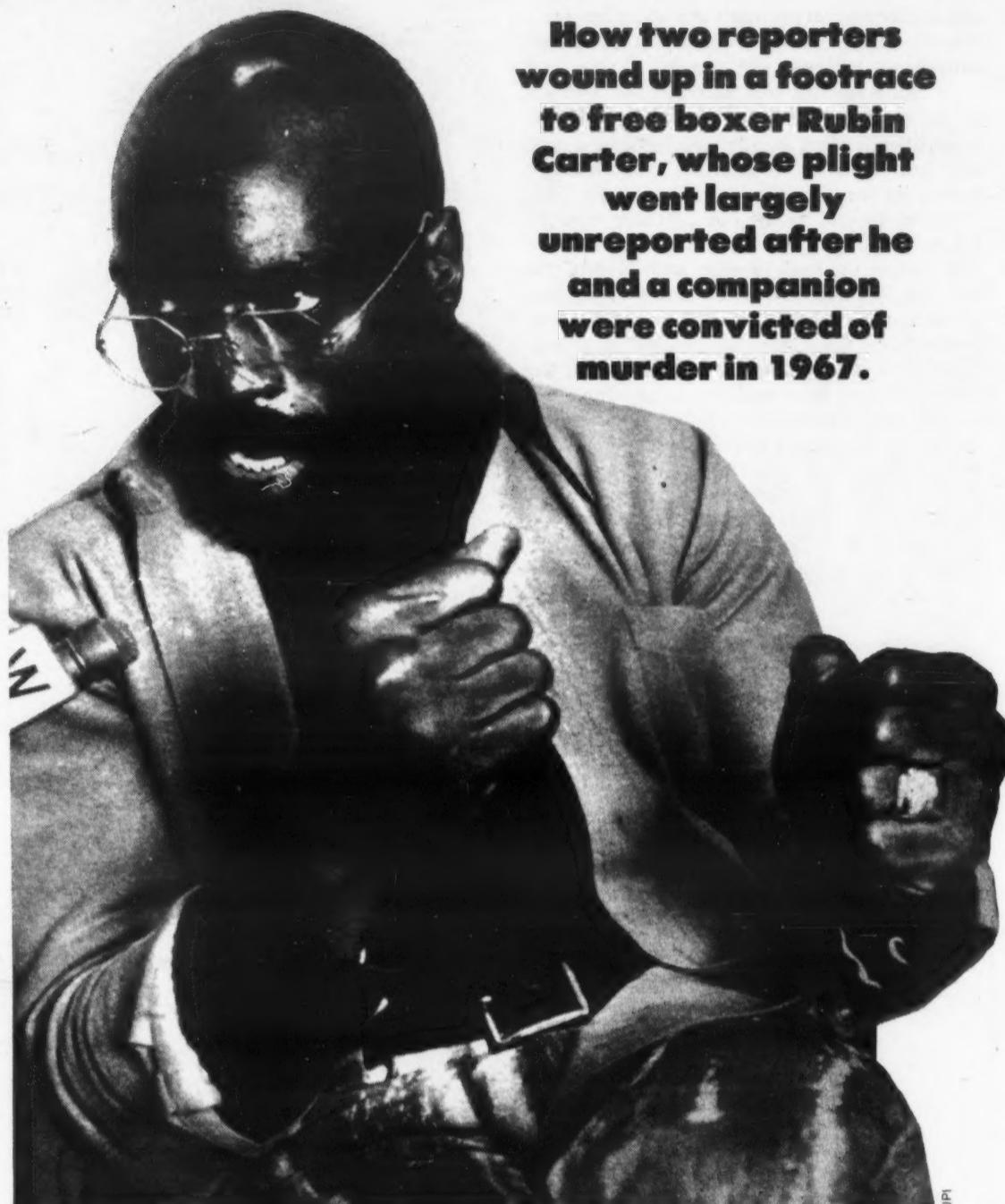
In late September of this year, after months of on and off investigation, Selwyn Raab of *The New York Times* and Hal Levinson of WNEW-TV (Channel 5), reported that Alfred Bello and Arthur Bradley, the two key prosecution witnesses in the Carter-Artis case, had recanted their testimony. The Passaic (N.J.) County police, according to statements Raab obtained this summer, had promised the two white ex-convicts \$10,000 in reward money and help in reducing what might have been 88-year sentences for crimes they had committed.

As we shall see, the Raab-Levinson investigation was a classic of its type, for which both deserve great credit. But still it seems worth asking why it took seven years to shake into the open such a glaring injustice. Carter's arrest got big play in New Jersey and New York, but as is so often the case in crime reporting, the "facts" came mainly from the police and prosecutor. Moreover, Carter had a reputation for having a "mean streak" and being a "hater of whites." Recalls Dave Anderson, the *Times* sports columnist: "When the guilty verdict came in, most reporters were inclined to accept it, considering Carter's reputation. There were a lot of other things to write about." In 1969, Carter's appeal to the New Jersey Supreme Court was turned down, and as far as the press was concerned he—and Artis—ceased to exist.

Shortly thereafter, Richard Solomon, a young white filmmaker, became interested in the Carter case as good material for a documentary. After visiting Carter in prison, Solomon quickly began efforts to free him. He joined forces with Fred Hogan, an investigator in the New Jersey Public Defenders office, but their efforts to publicize the ex-fighter's plight or to find new evidence that might free Carter were to no avail. Solomon tried contacting everyone he could think of in the media. "I called Pete Hamill for six months and his secretary kept telling me that he was very interested and that he would call back, but he never did." He tried Jimmy Breslin, and Peter Heller of ABC Sports; neither was interested. He called *The Village Voice* and "they turned me down cold. I talked to one of the editors there and he said they didn't want to do a boxing story. I told them it wasn't a boxing story but they still didn't buy it." He talked to Vic Ziegel, a *New York Post* boxing writer, but he wasn't interested, either. According to Solomon, *Sports Illustrated* said it would send one of its reporters out to see Carter in prison, but no one was ever sent.

On one of his visits to the jail, Solomon saw some of Carter's writing and eventually took it to Viking Press. They liked what they saw and gave Carter an advance for a book, which was published last month under the title *The Sixteenth Round*:

Blake Fleetwood is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.



Former middleweight fighter Rubin (Hurricane) Carter talks to a reporter inside Trenton State Prison recently after New Jersey Public Defender announced he would petition for a new trial based on recantation of testimony that convicted him of murder in 1967.

From Number One Contender to 4572. When an editor at *Esquire* saw the book galleys about a year ago, he assigned Nelson Algren to explore the Carter story. Algren came to New York last spring and spent two months reporting. *Esquire* originally scheduled the piece for its October special sports issue, but the editors didn't like what Algren turned in. "At the time we didn't think the piece was that good," says associate editor William Ryan, adding ruefully: "If the Algren piece had run, we would have scooped everyone by about two weeks. We are really kicking ourselves about it." Algren's story retold the crime and developed points that supported Carter's innocence, including statements by ex-cellmates of the two prosecution witnesses which had them admitting the perjury in exchange for light sentences. Algren says what got him interested in the project was that *Esquire* was paying all the expenses and that, as he puts it, "I had seen Carter fight. I knew right away that he didn't do it. I knew right away that he didn't do it. If he wanted to kill someone, he wouldn't use a shotgun."

In the winter of 1972, Solomon contacted Dave Anderson, the sports columnist for the

How two reporters wound up in a footrace to free boxer Rubin Carter, whose plight went largely unreported after he and a companion were convicted of murder in 1967.

Times. Anderson had covered several of Carter's fights, but there was no relationship between the two men. Carter asked Anderson to come out and see him. Anderson, who at this point was not convinced of Carter's innocence, at first thought the ex-fighter might make good material for a Christmas column. But Anderson came away from the visit convinced that a tremendous injustice had been done. His *Times* column, "Christmas at Rahway," retold Carter's story and let Carter make the case for his own innocence. The column drew some interest, but ten months passed before another reporter got seriously involved. Anderson didn't think that any of the investigative reporters at the *Times* would really be drawn to the case.

In the fall of 1973, Solomon read about Selwyn Raab's work on the Whitmore case. Raab, after a seven-year investigation, had uncovered evidence which freed a young black man from a murder conviction in New York City. Solomon and Anderson went to see Raab, who was working at Channel 13. At the time, Raab was deluged with appeals from people who wanted him to get their

friends out of jail. "There were a lot of worthwhile cases, but I didn't have time to do everything. I asked other reporters to take the cases for me, but I didn't get many takers." Nevertheless, Raab was immediately intrigued with Carter's situation.

Raab read the trial transcript and went out to the Lafayette Grill. He saw right away that prosecution witness Bradley couldn't have seen what he testified to. "Bradley was breaking into a factory two blocks away and around a corner when he heard the gunfire. He couldn't have seen the killers." If Bradley was lying, Raab figured, then Bello might be, too. Together with Hogan, the investigator from the Public Defenders Office, they set about trying to track down Bello and Bradley. In November 1973, they found Bello in prison. Raab wrote Bello a letter asking him about the Carter case and Bello answered to the effect: "I'd like to talk to you, but I can't. If I could tell you the whole story it's quite a story." Shortly after Raab got the letter, Bello made bail and disappeared. Raab remained fascinated by the case, but last January he was appointed executive editor of The 51st State, the Channel 13 news program, and soon had little time for the investigation. He gave his file to Hal Levinson, a 51st State reporter and close friend.

Hogan and Levinson tracked down Bradley last May. At first he didn't want to say anything. But he was angry at the police for not sticking up for him in his latest arrest and trial. Hogan and Levinson had affidavits from Bradley's former cellmates which quoted Bradley as saying he lied in the original Carter case, but what really changed Bradley's mind was a message he got via the white convict grapevine. It came from a white ex-con friend of Carter's who got word to Bradley, "If Carter is innocent, you ought to make up for it now." Levinson and Hogan told Bradley that the

five-year statute of limitations for perjury had expired and that he could not be prosecuted for that charge in the Carter-Artis case.

In a dramatic four-hour conversation in a parking lot behind Bradley's home in New Jersey, during which Bradley walked off several times saying he would have no more to do with them, Hogan and Levinson finally got Bradley to sign a statement of recantation. Bradley admitted that he hadn't seen anyone the night of the crime. He said he'd been pressured into lying by the police. At this point, the story was still an exclusive with Channel 13, the credit shared by Raab as executive producer and Levinson as the reporter. Some studio footage

was shot and other interviews were planned.

But the statement itself was not enough to set aside Carter's conviction. For one thing, Bradley kept threatening to recant his recantation. Moreover, the key figure was Alfred Bello, who was still missing.

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In June, Raab's budget at The 51st State was severely cut and Arthur Gelb, metropolitan editor of the *Times*, was told by a mutual friend that Raab might be interested in a job at the paper. Raab came and talked to Gelb. According to both of them, although they talked about possible future stories, Raab never mentioned the Carter case. Raab joined the *Times* on Aug. 12. During his first week at the paper, he asked Levinson to give him back his file on the Carter case, which Levinson did and brought him up to date on what had been happening. Levinson and Raab made a deal to break the story simultaneously in the *Times* and on Channel 13. But then Levinson also quit Channel 13 and took a job with Channel 5 as managing editor on the nightly news show. By now Raab was working on the story full time and things were beginning to break. Raab, Levinson and Hogan went to see Bello in jail. Bello was scheduled for a rehearing on a felony case and Raab feared that if he were released on bail he might disappear again. Raab grew impatient with Hogan who apparently was pursuing the Carter investigation entirely on his own time, in addition to his regular case load. But, in the second week of September, Bello signed his formal recantation for Hogan.

There had been an informal agreement between Raab, Levinson, and Hogan that no one person would go public with the recantations without the approval of all parties involved, but matters were beginning to unravel. According to Raab, one of the prosecutors, Lieutenant Vincent DeSimone, got word that something was up. He called in Alfred Bello and threatened him, "I'm going to tell you something. If you open your mouth, you're going to do a hundred years." Levinson says that on September 23, Raab, without the approval or knowledge of the others, confronted DeSimone with the recantations. DeSimone threw Raab out of his office.

From the beginning, Hogan and the victims' lawyers wanted to make the recantations public and file legal papers at the same time. Paul Feldman was appointed Carter's attorney in September and John Noonan had an application in to be appointed Artis' counsel. They were planning

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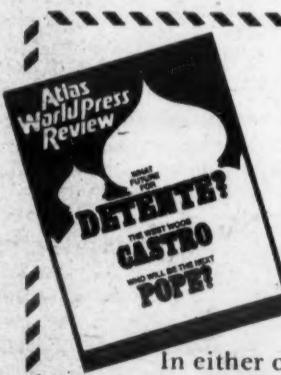
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to serve legal papers sometime in October. But on September 25, Raab called Levinson at Channel 5 and told him about his visit to DeSimone. He said things were getting too hot and that *Times* was going with the story on Friday, the 27th. He also told Levinson that he'd seen Carter and that Carter had said to go ahead. Feldman and Noonan, the lawyers, were taken aback by Raab's action. They felt that they didn't have enough time to file their papers and that, indeed, Noonan wasn't even officially Artis' lawyer yet.

There had been a potential source of conflict all along between Raab, the investigator, and Hogan and the lawyers. "I told them right away" says Raab, "that I wasn't going to act as a member of the defense team. I felt my credibility rested on my being able to conduct an independent investigation. If I ran into something damaging to the defense, I made it clear that I wasn't going to suppress it. Hogan felt that I shouldn't make a move without consulting him."

Levinson, who was not prepared to go with the story on such short notice, sent his camera crews scurrying to New Jersey on Thursday and called up Hogan and the lawyers to come into New York for an on-camera interview Thursday night. Channel 5 was going with the story on its Thursday night news at ten o'clock and the *Times* was headlining it for its Friday editions which first hit the stands at about 10:30 Thursday night. At the request of *Times*, Channel 5, which normally starts plugging its lead story earlier in the evening, agreed to forego any advance publicity. For its part, the *Times* agreed not to leak the story to the six o'clock news shows, which it had threatened to do.

Mark Monsky, Channel 5 news director, called Raab at the *Times* and said that they wanted

to call it a Channel 5 exclusive. Raab replied that "it was a bit unprincipled because it wasn't their exclusive. Monsky then told me that Levinson did the whole story. I said, 'That's not true. They came to me and I did six months' work on it before Levinson ever got started.' I'm not taking anything away from him or Hogan. We never called it 'an exclusive.' We never said the *Times* learned." [The paper did report "the *Times* was told," and Channel 5 called it a television exclusive].

Fred Hogan called up Raab Thursday afternoon and told him that he'd agreed to do an on-camera interview for Levinson. Raab told Hogan, "I will feel personally betrayed if you go on camera. It will mean that the *Daily News* will get a shot at the story." (The *Daily News* did not run the story at all the next day.) Raab emphasized that Hogan had not allowed Raab to quote him directly for the *Times* story. He didn't mind if Hogan talked to Levinson but he didn't want him to go on the air. "If you owe me one favor you owe me that," implored Raab.

Hogan told Raab that he'd already given Levinson a commitment. Raab said, "If you go on the air, it will make me look like a jackass." Hogan asked where the *Times* was playing the story. He says Raab answered, "If you go on the air, I don't know if I can guarantee page one." Raab admits that he tried to keep Hogan from going on the air, but says he didn't use precisely the above words. A source close to both reporters says that Raab was definitely acting on orders from higher up.

Levinson is still smarting over the fact that Hogan didn't go on camera that night. In an interview, he called the *Times*' actions "arrogant, disrespectful of moral commitments, cheap and endangering to the Carter investigation. The *New York Times* involvement was after the fact. Raab had a magnificent exclusive in the Whitmore case but it's not the same situation in the Carter investigation. Raab is the best investigative reporter in the business, but the *Times* is arrogant in its belief that it is the sole news vehicle in this town." Levinson is perhaps understandably piqued. Almost all the other newspapers, television stations and radio broadcasts referred to the investigation as a *Times* story.

Raab concedes that Hogan and Levinson deserve a great deal of the credit for the story, but claims that when he got involved full time in August "the investigation was at a standstill. I knew right away that the key to the whole thing was to get Bello to recant. I put all my efforts into that, we got results pretty quickly." Raab feels that the story had come to him and that he had certain proprietary rights to it. "It's a very fuzzy point. I'd asked Levinson to work on it and I felt an obligation to him. He's a friend and I know that he worked hard on it. The editors at *The Times* were astonished when I said I'd have to share the story with Levinson... The same kind of thing happened in the Whitmore case. After I worked on the case for seven years, everyone came out of the woodwork saying they knew he was innocent all along. I wasn't taking any credit, but everyone else seemed to want to bask in the glory. When I broke the Whitmore case while I was at Channel 13 the *Times* hardly mentioned me and I was quite annoyed about it."

Lawyers for Carter and Artis last month won a discovery hearing for police evidence suppressed during the original trial. Though no immediate release is expected, all parties are confident that the convictions will soon be overturned and both men will be freed. And whatever their bickering and preoccupation with footrace journalism in the homestretch, Raab, Levinson and Hogan have won a singular victory.

In doing so, they point out once again the dishwater quality of the New Jersey press. Where was the *Bergen Record* all these years? Or the *Passaic Herald-News*? One editor at the Newark *Star Ledger*, when asked if the paper had ever explored the Carter-Artis case, said: "We never heard about it until the story broke." Even to this day, the local Passaic County papers are bending their coverage to emphasize police characterizations of Bradley and Bello as "liars and psychos." ■

Letters

(continued from page 2)

Sour Apple?

I think when you printed "Why the Working Man Hates the Media," you should have provided with the article a reference to a related item later in the magazine—your Big Apple section feature on the *Daily News'* Harvest Moon Ball.

—Ann Marie Boylan
New York, N.Y.

Gay Advocate

Rosebuds to you for exposing the hypocrisy of the *Boston Globe* in refusing to print an ad for our homosexual newspaper, the *Advocate* ("Hellbox"—August, 1974). The *Globe* may have done some fancy foot-shuffling, but we doubt any serious policy reappraisal, insofar as they failed to communicate to us their suggestion that we resubmit the ad. Anyway, how can one resubmit an ad pitched toward selling an issue several months old now?

We have also submitted some small ads to *The Los Angeles Times*, each one highlighting a featured story in an upcoming issue, as in the *Globe* ad, and have not succeeded in getting any of those printed either. The *Times* has a different system from the *Globe*'s. You wind up calling them to find out that your ad was rejected; usually the man you have to talk to is not in the office; if and when he does return the call, he still is not in the office and, of course, can't answer any questions until he gets back to the office to check the record or the file or the boss or the men's room or wherever such momentous decisions are made. Of course, you never hear from him again unless you call and start the whole chain once again.

Like most papers who won't admit their blatant bigotry, the *Times* won't say what is wrong with the ad and how it should be changed to meet their "standards." They always suggest you submit another. Of course, trying to formulate an ad to meet their secret "standards" would require the combined talents of Jesus Christ and Dorothy Chandler, and even then, the *Advocate* probably wouldn't make it.

When our first ABC audit was released, we were sure we could devise the ultimate in pristine, pure, acceptable ads. We submitted the following tiny ad for the business pages of the *Times*, and it was not printed either: "37,519 Aver. Paid Circulation, 6 mos. ended Dec. 31, '73—The ADVOCATE—Newspaper of the Gay Community—Advertising Information 487-3696." (The ABC insignia was also included with the copy.)

Like any publication, we, too, have to occasionally refuse advertising, but usually to protect readers from known charlatans and rip-off artists, never to censor unpopular ideas or lifestyles.

—Dick Michaels

Editor

The Advocate
Los Angeles, Calif.

High Times

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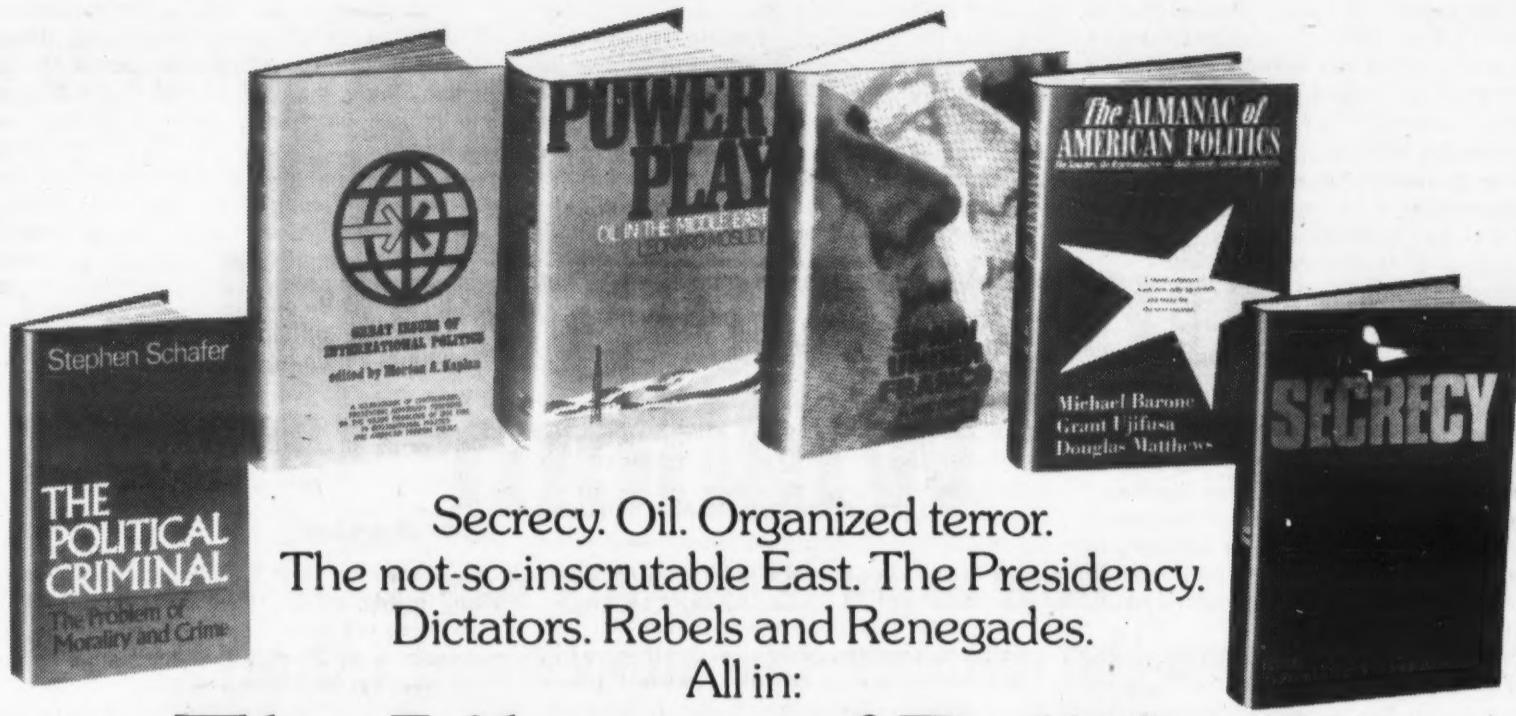
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'I Got the Queen in the Morning . . .'

(continued from page 13)

indirectly, Ryan's book. But on Sept. 15, Ryan went to the palace and overcame her trepidations. Among those who had shared her doubts was Burgomaster De Graaff of Nijmegen, and in his speech this morning he, alone among all the burgomasters on the junket, fails to mention Ryan or his book.

At noon, we head for Oirschot Heath. On the bus, I find myself seated next to Charles Lynch, the rough-hewn columnist from Southam, Canada, who has been on every one of the correspondents' junkets. I ask him why he comes.

"I'm not sure," he says. "Certainly not because I have any pride in what we did then. It's humiliating to look back at what we wrote during the war. It was crap. We were a propaganda arm of our governments. At the start, censors enforced that, but by the end we were our own censors. We were cheerleaders. Even Arnhem was portrayed at the time as a great victory. I suppose there wasn't any alternative at the time. It was total war. Hitler

was such a shit, he had to be defeated. But, for God's sake, let's not glorify our role then. It wasn't good journalism, it wasn't journalism at all. So why do I keep coming back? I suppose that war for me was an opening up to the wide world. Most of the American and Canadian correspondents were provincials when the war began. Most of us had never been to Europe. The war was our introduction—our initiation—to the joys of cosmopolitan life: Paris, London, Rome, beautiful women, good food, wine. That's what I relive when I come back. Not the junk I wrote then."

Taken aback, I ask Lynch whether any of his colleagues on the trip agree with him. "I don't talk with them about it any more," he says. "I used to, on other trips. But they thought I'd taken leave of my senses."

At Oirschot, we watch as 240 paratroopers from the 101st Airborne Division flutter down onto a muddy heath before some 100,000 spectators. Rock music blares from loudspeakers as the troopers tumble into puddles and brambles.

Then we're off by bus for Eindhoven, the first Dutch city reached by British tanks in 1944, and now the antiseptic headquarters of Philips, the huge Dutch electronics company. At 7:30 p.m., Prince Bernhard takes his place in the plaza in front of the Town Hall. (A reporter behind me sings, "I've got the Queen in the morning and the Prince at night.") Soon, marchers begin filing past him and forming ranks in the plaza: platoons of Dutch sailors, the American paratroopers from this afternoon, bicyclists bearing torches, a contingent of young people carrying massed flags, boy scouts, girl gymnasts in orange tank suits, six high school bands, young men in red sweaters and white slacks, representatives of medieval guilds with ornate banners, town fathers in top hats. Bernhard touches a torch to a gas jet in the plaza, lighting an eternal flame. The massed bands play the anthems of Britain, France, the United States and Holland as the fountains turn red, white and blue and fire works arch into the night sky. "What a way to open a shopping center!" sighs Abby Hirsch. ■

'Behind the Front Page'

(continued from page 9)

The *Kingdom and the Power*, news and editorial departments avoided contamination by *Times* bookkeepers and have been encouraged in this passion. Such an attitude is safe so long as the money is rolling in and news budgets are bloated. Where it used to be unimportant that the various departments within the paper did not cooperate or communicate, this is no longer true. Argyris writes that "interdependence of the paper's units is critical if the company is to continue to be profitable." The same urgency appears in a statement by Andrew Fisher, a former *Times* executive vice-president and business whiz who resigned in 1971. Writing in *New York* magazine, Chris Welles quotes him as saying, "[T]o remain a great enterprise, *The Times* must be able to adapt to changing economic and market conditions. In the past, it has experienced difficulty in relinquishing its historical business patterns and strategies. If it is to remain great, it must develop the capability to plan and execute total corporate strategies to deal successfully with change." The key words are "total corporate strategies." Argyris sees that as unlikely in the current living system at the *Times*.

Today the *Times* is part of a publicly held media barony with obligations to stockholders. Overhead for the paper has soared, particularly the costs of newsprint and labor settlements. The market value of *Times* stock is less than one-sixth of what it once was. The newsstand price of the paper has been doubled since 1970. A lack of money has become a legitimate stimulus for change. But to bring about those changes, Sulzberger must work through executives and employees who have been taught to believe that money is not a proper motivation for change. On occasion, Argyris saw news executives convinced at lengthy meetings that certain budget cuts were necessary. But, so unskilled were they as managers, when they carried that message back to the newsroom the arguments for the cut came out to be "trust me." The subordinates, who did not have the advantage of explanatory meetings, assumed that their bosses had been co-opted by the bookkeepers and that the quality of the paper was being sacrificed. Tension in the living system was increased, rather than

reduced.

Argyris holds out little hope that a solution lies in turning over authority to the reporters themselves—the so-called reporter power movement, which has gained adherents in the U.S. and demonstrated some successes in Europe. After all, the *Times*' news executives were once reporters themselves. Argyris witnessed an aborted cabal at the *Times* among some younger reporters eager to wrest decision-making authority from older managers. But based on his extensive interviewing, Argyris believes that these reporters carry all the destructive traits of those men they hope to dispossess. "I found them," he writes, "very competitive, controlling and authoritarian. Like their elders, they projected their 'bad' behavior onto the world and attacked it wherever it was 'reasonable' to do so....The rhetoric about management used by Reporter-Activists may stress egalitarianism and cooperation; but the way they behaved was authoritarian, individualistic, and competitive....If this analysis is correct, it can also be predicted that if these reporters were to take over, they would tend to create a living system of precisely the kind that they so vehemently condemn."

It is hard to argue with Argyris' bottom-line logic that the criteria for effective management at IBM are the same as those at *The New York Times* or any other large news organization. And yet it is difficult to shake the skeptical—maybe irrational—feeling that even if newspeople are "ineffective" managers, perhaps they must be and should be, if one accepts the notion of a socially responsible press.

The environmental movement has only recently forced the managements of auto companies and oil companies and electric utilities to deal with the tension between profits and social responsibility, if only superficially. But journalists have struggled with this tension for decades. Producing a higher quality news product is rarely the road to riches. It has been said many times that broadcast news is at its best (in live coverage of Watergate hearings, Kennedy funerals, et al) when it loses the most money. And "consultants" of a significantly different stripe from Argyris have counseled numerous television stations into "happy news" formats as the fastest method of increasing

ratings and ad revenue. Similarly in newspapering, for every Otis Chandler who strikes it rich by improving news quality, there are a dozen chain owners who do it by squeezing the overhead until the editorial side is dry.

Somewhere there must be a compromise between insulating the news managers from economic reality and permitting Op-ed Page decisions to drag on for four years. Perhaps surrounding the *Times* with properties on whose profits it can feast in lean newspaper years, rather than forcing it to cut back significantly on its own style of living, is the best solution. Who could object to the paper's raiding the resources of a golf magazine or a Memphis television station except perhaps golfers or the people living in Memphis? Which, of course, raises an important objection to this sort of plunder. The relationship in Boston which found an enfeebled *Herald Traveler* gasping on the lifeline of WHDH-TV's profits produced two mediocre media, rather than one good television station and one dead paper, a void which might have been filled by a better competitor. How *Times* management has, and will, come to grips with the problems of cross-media ownership would have made an excellent chapter in Argyris' book. Is there a workable management model for a corporation committed to socially responsible behavior as well as profits? Argyris seems to imply that there is not, although he really never addresses himself to the matter.

Argyris' most troubling and significant question is just what *will* it take to change the *Times*? Competition from other media, particularly cable and the so-called home information utility, will force changes at an increasing pace. The paper's hostility to the suggestions of outsiders—be they press councils, journalism reviews, academicians, politicians or laymen—is well known. *Times* executives themselves feel powerless to effect change. Argyris, who was invited (and paid) to try, and who was admired for the honesty of his efforts, failed nonetheless. Unless Sulzberger can break this deadlock, sooner or later he will have a flock of unhappy readers and stockholders to face. By then it may be too late for consultants. ■

THE BIG APPLE

Quarles Ransacks Roget's

At such an early hour, focusing on the "Today" show's economic or political reports is simply out of the question. But we are always dazzled awake by the extraordinary array of verbs used by Norma Quarles to read the sports scores. Lately, in fact, we've been keeping our own score—on Norma. Her most imaginative effort came on Sept. 30, when she reported:

In sports, the Yanks remain a half game out: they clobbered the Indians 10 to nothing, and the Mets dumped the Pirates 7 to 2. The Giants lassoed the Cowboys 14 to 6, the Bills set the Jets 16 to 12, and the Rangers downed the Flyers 5 to 1.

In other recent sports action, Quarles reported that "the Mets shut out the Pirates," the Yanks "scalped the Indians," "the Mets were trounced by Pittsburgh," and, as we all know by now, "the Jets snared the Bears."

Clearly, in Quarles' ballpark, it's not merely whether you win or lose.

—C.C.

Sour Grapes

For 15 years, *New York Post* columnist Paul Zimmerman has combined sports coverage with being what he calls a "wine nut." From last Jan. 31 to July 11, Zimmerman wrote a weekly wine column which quickly became popular with *Post* readers and staff. The column drew four times more mail than his sports pieces—until mid-July, when publisher Dorothy Schiff, away on vacation, left word with her secretary that the column was to be killed.

Zimmerman tried to find out why, despite warnings from his co-workers that asking Schiff for explanations was simply not done. Schiff, again using her secretary as mouthpiece, said Zimmerman should talk to his immediate superior. "I didn't have one for the column," Zimmerman says, "so that was that." But Schiff's reasons drifted back to him via column fans who had also asked the *Post* publisher about its fate. Zimmerman says that Peter Sichel, a wine importer, learned from Schiff at a party that the column wasn't bringing in ads. Labor negotiator Theodore Kheel and New York Typographical Union president Bertram Powers—both also "wine nuts," according to Zimmerman—inquired after the column during a mediation session last summer. According to Zimmerman, Schiff told them it was offending too many important people. Asked recently about these encounters, Sichel and Kheel would

not comment and Powers was vague: "She said it wasn't bringing results. She indicated she might revive it but I haven't seen it."

The *Post* wine column was not exceptional in that it was introduced to draw advertising. In fact, the column was paid for out of the advertising budget, but Zimmerman did not hesitate to say when a wine was not worth the price—even if its parent company was a *Post* advertiser. Between practical consumer tips, he reported on the industry's business practices—not always as fragrant as the products' bouquets. Zimmerman criticized wines served by TWA and United, and caught Pan Am selling a wine with an intent "one of our sales divisions" had

asked about Zimmerman. From their "brief conversation," Zipprich concluded that Zimmerman was "not really a seasoned professional—it's more like a hobby with him." Zipprich passed the word along, and says he heard nothing more.

At the *Post*, no one would comment on why the column died about a month later. One reporter said it was assumed that since Schiff often acts for personal reasons, the column had offended a friend of hers. The reporter added, however, that Zimmerman would have been less vulnerable if he'd been an advertising gold mine like Cleveland Amory's pet column, which regularly draws two full pages of cat-

support copy, was the first to offer condolences, and to no apparent avail wrote Schiff a long memo detailing ads the column had drawn. Zimmerman had hoped advertisers would realize that "if you write honest, you get readership. I guess I was wrong," he says. Meanwhile, Zimmerman suggests we try Heitz California Chablis at \$3.19, or Wente Blanc de Blanc at \$2.95.

—ANN MARIE CUNNINGHAM

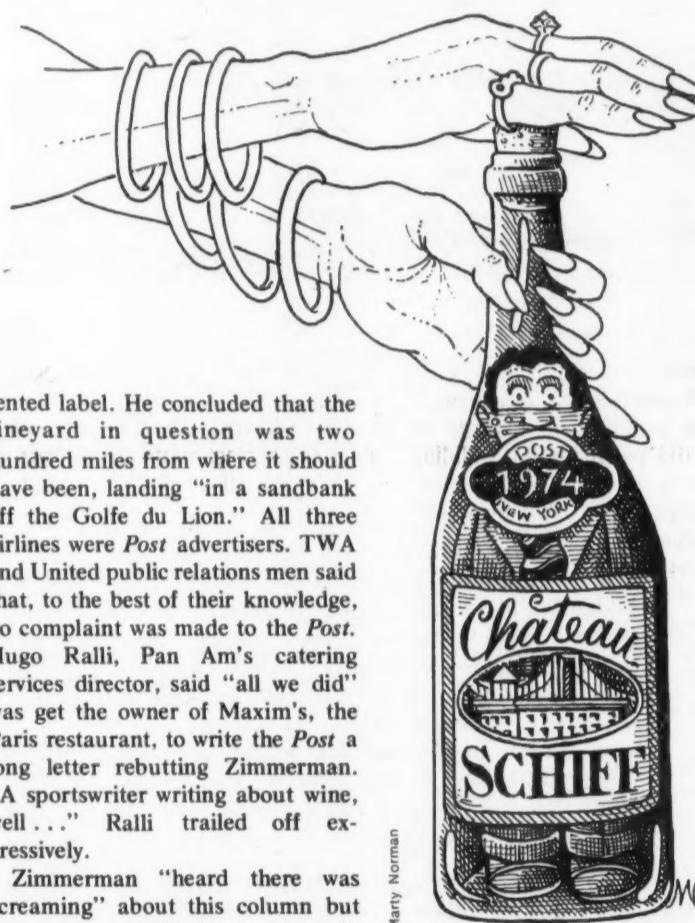
Reading Dynamics

The publishing industry has long recognized the disparity in the sheer quantity of reading done by *The New York Times'* two daily book reviewers. Just for fun, we decided to count for ourselves, and sure enough, during the month of September, Anatole Broyard turned more than 2,500 pages while poor Christopher Lehmann-Haupt read over 5,500. It seems that Lehmann-Haupt is more interested in "politics, popular fiction, history and biography," he says. "Those kind of books tend to be longer than the type Broyard enjoys." Broyard says he prefers fiction, art and sociology, and notes that current fiction runs from 170 to 300 pages while history and biographies are anywhere between 300 and 700 pages. "I read twice as much material as Broyard," says Lehmann-Haupt, loyally, "but he probably reads twice as intensely." —PATRICIA MULLAN

Housing Authority

In a Sept. 24 demonstration at City Hall, five apartment buildings were turned over to the city of New York in a landlords' protest against rent control and inflation. The potential impact of the move was significantly enhanced by the condition of the buildings, described by protest leaders as "decent," "virtually violation-free," "well-run," and "well-kept." The afternoon papers were first out with the story. The *New York Post* article consisted entirely of quotes and paraphrases from the landlords' prepared statement, including the claim that the properties had only nine building code violations. Based on these same assertions, the *Long Island Press* declared in a page-one story, "The action marks the first public abandonment of sound housing stock by landlords... [seeking] relief from rent control regulations and skyrocketing costs."

But a much different perspective emerged the next day in the *Times*. After the landlords' City Hall announcement, reporter Joseph P.



Marty Norman

and dog-related ads. The *Post* had experimented for four weeks in October and early November of 1973 with a syndicated wine column, then switched to Zimmerman in hopes that a column geared to New York would pull better. But Zimmerman drew even fewer ads, and he remembers that Arthur Brody used to plead with him at least to compliment loyal advertisers now and again, "because readers know you never give plugs." Business manager Byron Greenberg, who had originally acted as a mediator "when people were tearing each other's throats" over whether Zimmerman should write his opinions or advertising

THE BIG APPLE

Fried decided to inspect the buildings in the South Bronx. He reported that all five properties were "largely abandoned by their tenants and ranging in their physical states from vandalized and littered to utterly smashed and ravaged." While the *Press* and *Post* had reported the buildings as having only nine violations, Fried checked city records and discovered a total of at least 30 such violations. A picture of one of the debris-ridden buildings, accompanying his article, drove home the point.

Press reporter Marsha Kranes says she had intended to check the landlords' claims with the municipal housing administration, but that by the time she learned the buildings' addresses, she says it was too late to call the proper agency. The *Press* ran a follow-up with the corrected information on Sept. 26

—C.C.

Dial-A-Con

After a perfectly dreadful day, we decided to ring up Dial-a-Joke for a chuckle or two. Dial-a-Joke is the telephone company's new laugh line that offers 60 seconds of taped humor from a rotating roster of comedians. Our call was answered by Bob Hope—and he had his friend Jackie Gleason on the line with him. "Isn't it great to be back in Fun City?" asked Bob. "What fun?" replied Jackie. "I'm here to do your show." After some more of the same, we realized what was happening. "It's your dime and you deserve a little good advice," Bob confided. "Be sure and watch us on the 'Bob Hope Special,' Wednesday night September the 25th at nine o'clock."

Since its inception last April, each month Dial-a-Joke has been drawing approximately one million calls (and message units, at 8.2 cents each) by featuring such comics as Phyllis Diller, Nipsey Russell, and Jack Carter. But this was the first time the telephone company had sold the DAJ channel to an outside sponsor for advertising purposes. Hope representatives purchased the channel for Sept. 23, 24 and 25 in order to plug the show. The telephone company paid for newspaper ads publicizing its three-day attraction—and expected to draw an additional 150,000 calls (and message units) from the two stars' appearance. As for Hope, his show on NBC received a healthy 33 per cent audience rating.

Richard Sardelli of Young & Rubicam, which handles the DAJ account, says DAJ is in fact intended to attract paying sponsors. If a customer doesn't have anything funny to say, he may buy another one of the phone company's mass an-



Sorry, wrong number...

Voice to label the charges "scurrilous and filled with untruths" and to demand publicly that a retraction and apology be printed in the next issue. Instead, the Oct. 17 *Voice* contained a Nichols column about Shaheen's meeting with close associates over his new "public relations problems." Shaheen, speaking from Canada through a spokesman, told [MORE] he had no comment to make "because of the pending litigation."

Already in court is a \$3 million suit filed against Felker by the *Voice*'s co-founders and minority stockholders. The plaintiffs, former publisher Edwin Fancher, former editor Daniel Wolf, Norman Mailer, and Herbert B. Lutz, charge that the Voice-New York corporate merger violated a first-refusal option in a *Voice* stockholder's agreement.

Although deposed last summer, Fancher and Wolf were to continue drawing *Voice* paychecks until their contracts expired at the end of this year. However, at the Oct. 7 meeting of the New York Magazine Corporation's board of directors, this agreement was terminated. As a result, Fancher and Wolf are planning another suit against Felker for breach of contract.

But Felker is doing more than just consulting with attorneys. He has installed *New York*'s Judy Daniels as the *Voice*'s managing editor, and has

nouncement channels; each costs \$1,000.45 monthly for equipment, a one-time installation charge of \$1,777, and payments on a sliding scale based on the number of calls received monthly. Sardelli views this new advertising medium as particularly attractive to such sponsors as cigarette companies which lack access to radio and television.

At the end of our phone call, Jackie Gleason said, "If you've got any luck at all your next dime will get you Henny Youngman." We should be so lucky.

—CLAUDIA COHEN

Voice Lessons

Shirley MacLaine walked into the Village Gate. Flashbulbs popped. The crowd near the door hummed. "How can we get her to help Ramsey (Clark)," whispered *Village Voice* publisher Bartle Bull to a companion. "Feel me up," said writer Pete Hamill as Shirley gave him a hug. "It's the first party of the year," observed one merry-maker. "Everybody's come to see what everybody else is up to."

At that particular moment, on Sept. 2, "everybody"—from Kate Millet to Robert Morgenthau—was ostensibly helping the *Voice* welcome Hamill to its staff as Star Writer. *Voice* reporter Jack Newfield had suggested to Clay Felker, *New York* magazine publisher who bought the *Voice* last summer, that his old pal

Hamill be hired. Hamill, a longtime columnist for the *New York Post*, had been frustrated by limitations of space and subject matter at the *Post*, and was dissatisfied with his \$300-per-week salary that the *Post* had not raised since 1965. Hamill declines to say how much Felker will be paying him, because "it will only get the others mad."

Hamill isn't the only thing the *Voice* has gotten lately from the *Post*. Last summer, *Post* publisher Dorothy Schiff served a complaint of libel against the *Voice* and two of its writers, Newfield and Alexander Cockburn. Schiff is reportedly asking \$500,000 in damages from each of the two men. At issue is a Newfield article about the circumstances surrounding Al Aronowitz's departure from the *Post*; Cockburn was cited for several items, including a crack about the *Post*'s Kissinger profile, and an article about the *Post*'s salary structure and its increase in newsstand price. Attorneys are now negotiating, and it appears the matter will be settled out of court.

Felker also faces a possible libel action from John Shaheen, publisher of the long-delayed *New York Press*. In her Oct. 3 column, Mary Perot Nichols, the *Voice*'s tough investigative reporter, attributed a number of anti-Semitic remarks to Shaheen. Shaheen bought a full-page ad (cost: \$2,000) in the Oct. 10



Felker: on the move. Fred W. McDarrah

hired a spate of new editors, which, along with staff raises, adds more than \$150,000 to the annual *Voice* payroll. He's asked John Walsh, former managing editor of *Rolling Stone*, to be a consultant to both the *Voice* and *New York*. He's dashing into the *Voice* offices every Monday to find out what's planned for the cover. Some *Voice* writers are still worrying that Felker will turn the paper into an "uptown fad magazine," but as of this writing, it has merely become a more attractive, and livelier publication.

—C.C.

FURTHER MORE

(continued from back page)

stories, that Smith was black, or that the Nets were a team of many young, hip, aware black players. There was no blackness to his work; he was writing solely, I felt, to satisfy whites. (A notable exception was a piece he wrote Aug. 1 in which he took one of the paper's white sports columnists to task for using the expression "racism in reverse." Smith wrote that there was no such thing, and that the term was becoming to sports what "law and order" had become to some politicians. It was a superlative piece, and an example of what a black sports writer might do if given his head. Unfortunately, he hasn't done anything like it since.)

At *Newsday*, the sports department is run, for all practical purposes, by one Sanford Padwe, who, as a columnist for the Newspaper Enterprise Association and for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in the late 1960s, was in the vanguard of the consciousness that brought together, superbly, sports and reality. Surely, I concluded when I took a job there late last winter, that a change in thinking about black sports writers might most likely occur at *Newsday* first, under Padwe's direction. Sandy Padwe, I felt, was just too socially aware to attempt to turn a black writer into a white one. But I left *Newsday* disappointed in his approach to the situation: he told me, in one rather heated discussion, that black writers would have to earn their way into print in the same manner as white writers—with quality work. He was of the opinion that you just could not take a black writer and hand him a column—if he failed at it, you'd be doing him more harm than good, and doing all future black writers more harm than good. But wasn't that exactly what white baseball team owners had been saying for years about black managers? They were creating unnecessary pressure by not giving them the same opportunity to fail that white managers had always had; when Billy Martin failed with the Minnesota Twins, the Texas Rangers hired him. Richard Nixon failed a few times only to make off with the biggest bauble of all. So what's the big deal about failing?

To any aware black sports writer, the naming of Frank Robinson as a manager of the Cleveland Indians was awash in sham. A black writer, attuned to his own people's thinking, would likely have concluded that Frank Robinson got the job only because he played, and beat, white men at their own game. Frank Robinson accumulated a satisfactory track record by fulfilling white criteria: he did all of that managing down in Puerto Rico; he was always amiable with the white press; he was forceful and bold on the playing field (and nowhere else), and didn't he once publicly criticize the late Jackie Robinson for suggesting that black baseball players become more militant in the cause for black civil rights? Frank Robinson was safe; he was a white man's nigger who Uncle Tommed it into a managerial job. The system didn't change at all; only Frank changed, so that he could get the damned job. But we newspaper readers never did find out what black people were really thinking about the alleged milestone (did it really matter to

them anyway, what with black kids being stoned and spat upon by white adults as they leave their school buses every morning in South Boston?). Instead, in the *Times*, we were treated to four stories about the momentous event, each of them filled with glowing tributes to Frank Robinson's dedication, and Frank Robinson's leadership qualities, and Frank Robinson's baseball experience. In one of them, an obscure sentence revealed the fact that Frank Robinson had joined the NAACP twenty years ago with the condition that he not be asked to do, or to say, anything.

"White writers are really stupid when it comes to blacks," says Reggie Jackson of the Oakland Athletics. "They have no sensitivity; so many of them are just as unconsciously racist as the people in baseball are. Take, for example, something as simple as this: after games, the white clubhouse man lays out all sorts of hair cream, and hair spray, and brushes, for the players. But never will you find an Afro comb. The guy just doesn't know any better; he doesn't know that black players with Afros need Afro combs. So, when I told him about it, he apologized all over the place, and he went out and got some Afro combs for us. That's the same kind of thinking white writers

have; they think black players live the same way white players do. They don't. Now, you take a guy who thinks this way, and you send him out to interview somebody like [the Chicago White Sox] Dick Allen, say, and you know what you get? You get Dick Allen putting the guy on, telling him what he wants to hear; but inside, Dick Allen is burning up—how dare this guy try to write about me when he doesn't even know who I am, and doesn't even care? I've been through it many times myself; I felt, back in 1969, when I had a chance at [Roger] Maris' home run record, that white pitchers were walking me on purpose because they didn't want to see a black man break the record. I was walking two, three times a game; I never got a good pitch to hit. So when I said something about it to the sports writers, you know what happened? They went off and wrote that I was a sorehead, a cry-baby, a troublemaker. I don't think a black writer would've written those things; I think he would have listened to me, even though he might not have agreed with me. I think he would have at least given my views a fair . . . what do you call it, airing? Why? Because he probably went through something like that himself somewhere. No way you can be black in America and not."

Unwritten Watergate Story

(continued from page 6)

attention span in matters of corporate power is extraordinarily short. Although there is chance that in matters of business-political connections the press may be drawn in on the chance that an office-holder or official will be tainted, there is no such magnet when pure business is involved. A recent case in point involves a study undertaken by Sen. Lee Metcalf's Government Operations Subcommittee into the network of interlocking directorates of financial institutions and manufacturers that control vast industries (oil) or regions (central New England). It has gone virtually unreported in the national press, and unused in local papers even where the welfare of the community is under scrutiny.

"We held our opening hearing and nobody came except the *Boston Globe* and Mike Harrington [a Massachusetts liberal Democratic congressman]," the subcommittee's counsel, Winslow Turner, told me mournfully. "The press says 'so what' to us, when we show them the interlocks. The reporters ask, 'Do you have a tape recording?'"

There are no tapes, or at least none available, of the proceedings in the board rooms of, say, the First National Boston Corporation, one of the objects of Turner's researches. First National Boston controls or manipulates banks, insurance companies, utilities and manufacturers in its orbit of interlocking directorates. The Metcalf report shows how the linked institutions effectively dominate both the finance and public policy of the region. The *Globe* had one good feature on Turner's material, then let it all drop without any investigation or analysis of its own.

Reporters who were interested in going further might have begun to detail the effects of the interlocked directorates: how they can determine the progress of Boston's massive and controversial redevelopment plan, how they have been able to get a campus of the University of Massachusetts removed from commercially profitable downtown and stuck on a sandbar in the Bay; how they have "fixed" a wage structure from top management to secretarial ranks throughout Boston; how they can regulate the flow of loans and credit and affect transportation systems, industrial growth, social services and political change throughout the directors' sphere of influence. But no tape

recordings, no story.

Reporters customarily complain that they have no access to corporate board rooms, that there are no freedom-of-information statutes for private business, and that editors traditionally opt for sexy political stories and shunt corporate stuff off to the financial pages. All that may be true, but it does not excuse the press's inattention to the private sector. Difficulties in finding sources and developing stories do not stop enterprising reporters in other areas.

At heart, the problem is ideological rather than technical. Private enterprise is still private; reporters violate that privacy at the expense of their reputations for professionalism, objectivity and common sense. Even when reporters cover business, they do not admit its contradictions in the way they do with politics. Journalists on a campaign trail or a cabinet departmental beat may marshal contradictory evidence and opinions in order to create an understandable context for a particular event. Business reporting—even in special-interest publications or in the business sections of news magazines—rarely gets beneath the operational details that are of use only to investors and other businessmen.

There is precious little journalism in America today that treats business as a matter of public policy. Articles and books by James Ridgeway and Emma Rothschild have done the best jobs: Ridgeway in exploring the political connections between energy companies, polluters, universities—and governments; and Rothschild in conceiving a "politics" of the automobile industry that takes it beyond its own confines into the area of social concerns. But their excellent reportage and careful theorizing has not been emulated in the more established press.

We need a new ideology that integrates business and politics, that explains the policy implications of the private sector as it analyzes the economic consequences of public policies. Without that underpinning, the best reporting in the world will be wasted on incomplete and superficial visions of real power. Business journalism has always been a bit boring. But good newspapering does not have to be dull; when it opens the barriers to the private sector, all hell could break loose.

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FURTHER MORE

Writing White On The Sports Pages

BY MARTIN RALBOVSKY

When Frank Robinson became the first black man to get a job as a manager of a major-league baseball team, sports writers throughout the country dutifully described the transaction as (a) a milestone, (b) a breakthrough, (c) the beginning of a new era—and sometimes all three. Yet for all the years this lily-white sporting press has been piously criticizing the baseball hierarchy for not having hired a black man as a manager, it has said, or done, very little inside its news organizations to encourage the hiring of black sports writers. Thus while black men continue to dominate the headlines in sports sections (Ali, Aaron, Abdul-Jabbar, Foreman, et al), all of the writing is still being done by white men who, with some exceptions, fail miserably in providing an honest, black perspective. Why, for example, have so many black athletes been converting to Muslim sects? Why does Tom Payne, the black basketball star, continue to languish in a Georgia jail on a rape conviction, even though the alleged victim could not positively identify him as her assailant during his trial? (How many 7-foot-2 black men are there?) Why have so many of the liberal universities been so reluctant to hire black men as their head coaches of football and basketball, preferring instead to hire them only as recruiters?

The stock answer for the scarcity of black sports writers, I discovered after having worked at two of the more liberal newspapers in the New York City area, the *Times* and *Newsday*, is that "blacks can't write." Now, having copyread, at the *Times*, everything from press releases to unsolicited feature stories by starry-eyed copy boys, I can honestly report that a lot of white people cannot write, either. But the stock answer is clarified by adding the one unspoken word: "blacks can't write white." It seems as if many people at the *Times*, for example, are under the impression that the entire world speaks, and writes, in *Times* style. Yet, out on the corner of 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, or inside the locker room of the Atlanta Hawks, black people think and talk to the beat of quite a different drummer. It is true that many newspapers are still scouring the journalistic underbrush for a black Red Smith; but, of course, he is no more available than is a white James Baldwin. The few black sports writers who are currently working for major newspapers are not well along the way to winning Pulitzer Prizes for continued excellence in reporting from a black perspective. Instead, they spend their time taking crash courses in white sportswriterese.

Writing white: in sports, the roots are deep in the so-called "Golden Age of Sports Writing," when such as Grantland Rice were writing about blue-gray October skies while, under them, on

Martin Ralbovsky, a former member of The New York Times and Newsday sports departments, is the author of *Lords of the Locker Room: The American Way of Coaching and its Effect on Youth*, published this month by Peter Wyden, Inc.

green playing fields, all of the faces were white. The Peglers, Gallicos and Kiernans never wondered why in print. The die was cast: when you write about sports for newspapers, you are writing to satisfy the fantasies of white, male sports fans. Keep it on the game; social, political and sexual topics are taboo. Today, with so many bright black athletes in sports, things are going on that white sports writers, nurtured in the fantasy-feeding school, simply fail to pick up. When Lew Alcindor, now Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, was playing basketball for UCLA, he and a few of his black teammates balked at standing at attention during the pregame playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." John Wooden, the coach, apparently did not want the issue to reach a public head. So, he began pulling his entire team off the floor prior to the playing of the anthem, allegedly to give it another pep talk and to go over last-minute strategy. He explained it that way to the press, and it was largely accepted, and printed, as fact. Wooden easily succeeded in covering up the real issue—that several of his players, including the star, as Muslims, refused to publicly acknowledge the American national anthem. The Muslim players, of course, never got a chance to have their say at the time. (Later, when Alcindor appeared on the "Today" show, he told

Black athletes may play a dominant role in professional baseball, football and basketball, but you could assemble all the nation's black sports writers on the pitcher's mound at Shea Stadium.

and nobody is telling them that only one-half of one per cent of all the black athletes ever really "make it" in the white sports world. Would that ever appear in the *Daily News*? It may be, as Dr. Roscoe Brown of New York University's Institute for Afro-American Affairs, has said, that sports are actually hurting black kids—that the myth about sports and music being the only ways out of the ghetto has to be demolished, and that black kids must start thinking that they can make it out as lawyers and as doctors, and, yes, as writers, too. That, indeed, may be writing *black*. But who is doing it?

Consider a man named Al Harvin. He is the only black sports writer on the staff of the *Times*, which maintains a sports department of nearly 50 people. Al Harvin, when he was hired away from the *New York Post*, was assigned to a desk near the front door of the department, and put on night rewrite, which meant, of course, that anybody walking into the place from 4:30 in the afternoon to midnight would immediately see him. Al Harvin's writing was left solely to the judgment of the sports copy desk, which was comprised entirely of white men, one of whom wore a tie clasp that the New York Giants football team had given him in 1956 to commemorate the team's league championship, and another of whom, when sufficiently imbued with the appropriate spirits, would regale himself with the story of that glorious night he chased two noisy black teenagers out of their seats on the train to Rye. Naturally, the copy desk put the rap on Al Harvin right away: "Can't write."

On one occasion, a Harvin feature story quoted Rocky Thompson, a kick returner for the New York Giants, to the effect that people were expecting too much of him; the line that sent the copy desk into apoplexy read: "What do they expect me to be, Super Nigger?" A perfectly legitimate line, I thought, and a quote that reflected one particular black athlete's thinking. After much discussion—"the bullpen will kill it if we don't"—the word "nigger" was deleted and something nebulous inserted in its place. Harvin was not consulted during the entire debate.

At *Newsday*, there is a black sports writer named Doug Smith. His beat is the New York Nets basketball team, but his situation is pretty similar to Harvin's. An open lack of confidence in Smith, on the part of certain copyreaders made him try too hard. In writing to please all of these white men with quick pencils and nervous psyches, Smith managed to please no one at all, least of all, I sensed, himself. Whatever it was that Doug Smith, the black man, was thinking about the New York Nets, and whatever it was that black players on the Nets team were thinking about their own special sphere, it never managed to seep through in Smith's copy; he was bringing home instead all of the canned goodies so palatable to white copyreaders: teamwork, unity, clutch-shooting, etc. You never would have known, by reading Smith's

(continued on page 26)



Mark Nadel

Joe Garagiola that he did not consider America his country. Garagiola did not even ask him why; Garagiola merely suggested that he leave.)

Would a black sports writer have picked up on Alcindor's feelings, and have talked to him and his teammates about it? Maybe; maybe not. Sadly, there is no precedent for writing *black*. (Even *Black Sports* magazine is filled with white writers.) One simply cannot produce—presto!—an example of what black sports writing should be. Is the late George Jackson the precedent? In *Soledad Brother* he wrote that white sports writers have succeeded in feeding black fantasies as well as white ones and, in doing so, have managed to sidetrack, and neutralize, black kids as black thinkers. He observed that all of those black kids dribbling basketballs around were wasting their time; that they'll be sleeping with rats and roaches all of their lives because white games are dulling their brains,